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# BACONIANA

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## HAMLET RECONSIDERED: A CRITICAL ESSAY.

By C. J. HUNT, B.A., Oxon.

*(Sometime Scholar of Exeter College).*

"Horatio, I am dead;  
Thou livest: report me and my cause aright  
To the unsatisfied."

### I.

**M**Y object in writing this essay is to indicate the main lines along which I believe it necessary to travel before the solution of the problems of *Hamlet* can be found. Everyone will admit that without a proper understanding of this play, and more particularly of its chief character, we cannot hope to have any real clue to the personality of its author, his artistic aims, and the way in which he set about their execution. It is generally conceded that Shakespeare revealed himself far more in *Hamlet* than in any other of his creations, and that the first step towards a true appreciation of him lies in a right approach to his greatest achievement.

Unfortunately, the whole subject is in a state of confusion, owing to the shortcomings of the critics. For more



than a century they have been following a false scent, which has led them further and further afield. Even when one German writer has picked up the trail, they show themselves so bemused by what lies under their noses as to be incapable of following it up. For ten students who have heard of Schlegel, how many are acquainted with the name of Werder? Yet to him must be given the credit of realising that Hamlet's delay to kill the King was not necessarily shameful.

The result is that we now have in England two main schools of *Hamlet* criticism which may be plausibly likened to Scylla and Charybdis. If you do not relish making a hero out of a neurasthenic, you can put the blame on Shakespeare for being unable to create a consistent hero at all. The first view (which has been most ably stated by Prof. Bradley) is the orthodox view, handed down from the days of Goethe and Coleridge. Briefly put, it asserts that Hamlet was wrong not to have killed Claudius immediately, but seeks to excuse his failure to do so by ascribing it to some form of nervous inhibition. The other view (lucidly summarised in Mr. G. F. Bradby's 'The Problems of Hamlet') points out, quite truly, that some of Hamlet's acts do not consort with the kind of character this theory demands; but instead of concluding that the theory is wrong, its upholders very strangely assume that it is Shakespeare's fault for re-casting the play in such a form that the unity of the character was destroyed.

I do not propose to go over this ground again, but will ask the reader to take it for granted that the latter school are right in their criticism but wrong in their conclusions. This done, we may consider what theory can be put in the place of the one which has been so long accepted, on what seems to be the very reasonable assumption that Shakespeare saw the play steadily and saw it whole. Let us attempt to follow up the clue provided by Werder, and give a consistent account of Hamlet's character and actions as they were conceived by Shakespeare himself. I have judged it unnecessary to write a complete commentary on the play, and have confined myself to stating

my case and examining controversial passages in the light of the conclusions adduced.

## II

The nature of the fundamental mistake made by most critics will be understood when we realise that, whatever the view they take of the Ghost's origin, they have failed to grasp the importance of the fact that its appearance affords Hamlet no conclusive evidence of his uncle's guilt. What man, on the bare word even of a beloved father, would go off immediately to slaughter a fellow-creature? Human nature instinctively revolts at the suggestion. Unless Hamlet can get some corroboration of the story he has just heard he would be guilty of criminal irresponsibility in so acting. But when, in addition, we consider the nature of the evidence on which he is to act, the wonder is, not that he postpones action, but that he decides to take any steps at all. He has every reason—religious, logical, and scientific—to doubt the Ghost's bona-fides.

In the first place, it must not be forgotten that although the Ghost professes to be his father's spirit, released from the lower world, the solemn warnings with which it prefaces its discourse may well suggest to Hamlet another origin. He has just broken away from Horatio and his companions because he is ready to risk his life and reason in order to hear the Ghost speak; and he cannot fail to bear in mind the possibility that it is not his father's spirit at all, but the devil himself, which addresses him. If anything were needed to confirm this suspicion, it is, in the second place, the Ghost's own story. For what is it that Hamlet is asked to believe? Not merely a tale which depends on one person's evidence alone (apart from that of the murderer) but a tale of what happened while that person was asleep. Either the elder Hamlet was awake when Claudius began to pour the poison in his ear, in which case the attempt would not have succeeded; or else he was a ghost before he died, which seems incredible. There must be a mistake somewhere; and the only solution is to suppose that the Ghost was not what it seemed



to be. But in that case Hamlet would have strong reason to believe that it was a fiend in disguise.

The doubt which would weigh most with Hamlet is, however, the possibility that the Ghost is the product of his own imagination. Few critics seem to have noticed the fact that Horatio is sceptical of it from the first, and remains only half-convinced after he has actually seen it. Hamlet may naturally be expected to share the opinion of his fellow-student, and it is clear from the searching questions he puts when the news is first brought to him that this doubt is fully present to his mind. "It would have much amazed you," says Horatio. "Very like, very like," replies Hamlet, meaning, obviously, that he has hit on a likely explanation. For a penetrating mind, nourished in the scepticism of Court and University, would easily perceive that the initial appearance of the Ghost might be due to a waking dream on the part of the soldiers, who, musing upon the sudden and hasty preparations going on around them, and the unwarlike character of their new king, would naturally fall to thinking of their dead leader. The cold and eerie circumstances of their watch upon the battlements would be a powerful factor in making the hallucination a vivid one.

Now Hamlet's scepticism might very well extend to his own experience and Horatio's as well as that of the soldiers. The actual appearance of the Ghost could be put down in both cases to the force of suggestion. Given a strong imagination, favourable conditions (such as those Shakespeare has placed before us) and implicit belief on the part of one's companions, and no other result could be looked for. It may perhaps be objected that, while the appearance of the Ghost might be thus accounted for, its story cannot be explained away on the same grounds. Let me remind the reader that both Klein and von Struve have pointed out that there was nothing in what it said which Hamlet could not have pieced together for himself. Once let him suspect foul play (for such is his chief reaction at hearing the report of the Ghost) and it would not be long before he perceived the similarity between the circumstances of his father's death and those surrounding

that of Gonzago, with the story of which we must suppose both he and his uncle were well acquainted.\* Clearly, this process was largely unconscious, and only accomplished amid the most acute mental excitement. Under the circumstances it is not surprising that the discovery should have taken the form of a speech by the Ghost, since Hamlet would never have made it except under the stimulus of the promised revelation. Thus, in reading the scene in which this interview takes place, we must imagine him as being rapt in a kind of trance while he reviews all the problems raised by his father's death, and receives the answers in a kind of inward voice attributed by him to the apparition.

### III.

It is therefore quite erroneous to suppose that the situation required Hamlet to go and kill Claudius at once. Shakespeare's whole treatment of the Ghost is intended to convince the audience that it is a purely subjective phenomenon, and that Hamlet is conscious of the fact. Knowing instinctively that what he has heard is in reality no more than the inward logic of his "prophetic soul," based upon data too flimsy and personal to warrant immediate action, he is forced to stay his revenge until he can obtain corroboration from exterior sources. But his situation is such that he cannot employ any of the obvious methods for the purpose; the circumstances force him to feign madness.

It cannot be too clearly realised that Hamlet must keep his knowledge secret if he is to be able to act upon it. As we have now seen, it has come to him in a form which contradicts all his previous experience. Regarded as a mental phenomenon, it must be treated as a "mote to trouble the mind's eye;" regarded as an explanation of what has so long been troubling him, it must be tested and acted upon. Hamlet is faced with a choice between these two

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\* The story had been made into a play. Moreover, as Hamlet points out in the Play Scene, it was "extant, and written in vety choice Italian."



alternatives; and he leaves us in no doubt as to which he embraces:—

Remember thee?\*

Yea, from the table of my memory  
I'll wipe away all trivial fond records,  
All saws of books, all forms, all pressures past.  
That youth and observation copied there,  
And thy commandment all alone shall live  
Within the book and volume of my brain  
Unmixed with baser matter."

To suit the action to the word he notes down the great discovery he has made through the Ghost—"that one may smile and smile and be a villain." In this way we see that Hamlet's action with the tablets performs the important function of letting the audience know his attitude towards the Ghost, so as to prepare them for his subsequent behaviour.

Now, since his resolve to take this course depends solely upon the moral conviction produced by his experience, it is obviously impossible for him to tell his companions of what he has heard, because they would be bound to take the other point of view. All the arguments we have advanced against the credibility of the Ghost would be brought up against him, and, even if they did not produce conviction, they would weaken his determination. If he really wishes to discover the truth and avenge his father, he must keep his suspicions to himself until he can show some reasonable ground for them. Otherwise he runs the risk of defeating his own purposes.

An even more cogent reason for not revealing them is the fact that, if Claudius is guilty, Hamlet's own life will be in danger. As soon as the King realises that he has surprised his secret, he will seek some means of putting him quietly out of the way, and Hamlet's father will remain unavenged. What would his companions do if he told them the Ghost's story and convinced them he was going to act upon it? Believing him to be possessed by the

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\*It is worth noting that the Ghost's last command is "Remember me!" not "Revenge thy father!"



devil or the victim of an hallucination, they would immediately inform the King of Hamlet's supposed delusion and deliver him into the hands of his enemy.

But by not telling his friends he renounces all opportunity of anticipating Laertes' action in a similar situation—futile as such action would be. Suppose he succeeds in convincing them of the truth of his story, raises the populace, and goes to Claudius to demand an explanation. How easy it would be for the King to convince the assembled company, and even Hamlet himself, that he has been the victim of an hallucination! If Hamlet refused to be satisfied and attempted violence, he would be placed under restraint as a dangerous maniac; if he pretended to believe the explanation in order to gain time, Claudius would take the first opportunity to put him quietly out of the way. In any case, his father would remain unavenged.

It is clear then, that if he is to succeed in his enterprise Hamlet must rely upon himself alone. To tax the King openly with the murder is out of the question; yet it is impossible to find any other proof of the crime but what comes from the murderer himself. The King must somehow be forced to betray his guilty knowledge, but no-one must guess that this is Hamlet's object, for the ground of his action is so debatable, when considered from the point of view of common sense, that those who learnt it would be bound to inform the King and all hopes of revenge would disappear.

Under these circumstances the mask of madness is the best Hamlet can adopt. Not only does it give him an excuse for speaking and behaving strangely, but in their anxiety to cure his supposed distemper all the Court will be seeking its cause. Yet only the King will have the real clue to it. By constant hints, which everyone but the guilty man will take for mere raving, Hamlet will be able to arouse his uncle's latent remorse, until he at length betrays himself by some decisive act. Moreover, it is just possible that the courtiers themselves will begin to see through Hamlet's hints, and a favourable atmosphere created in which he can declare himself. Even when

he realises what lies behind the mask, the King will not be able to move openly against a reputed madman without incurring general censure. Hamlet will thus still be in a position to take his revenge, though his own life may be the price he has to pay for it. No wonder that he exclaims after his decision to feign madness:—

“The time is out of joint; O cursed spite  
That ever I was born to set it right!”

This decision to keep his knowledge to himself is communicated to the audience by the threefold solemn oath by which he makes the others swear not to tell anyone of the Ghost. While it is necessary that no rumour of Hamlet's connection with his father's spirit should come to Claudius's ears (for he would soon guess what it had to tell him) it cannot, I think, be doubted that in proposing the oath with such reiteration Hamlet is really swearing himself to secrecy as much as the others. That is why he seems to hear the voice of the Ghost rising from the very ground and bidding him take the oath. The reason why he treats it with such scant courtesy is that he is cudgelling his brains to know what to do, and the sound of the Ghost's voice reminds him of his own doubts about its significance, whose consideration would distract him from his true purpose.

We now see that the fundamental mistake made by most commentators is that of thinking that Hamlet had good reason to kill his uncle immediately, and that the problem lay in discovering why he did not do so. In reality he was bound to hold back if he did not want to kill a possibly innocent man. The real problem was to discover why, with every reason to dismiss the Ghost as an hallucination, he nevertheless went to the dangerous extreme of feigning madness in order to test its story. I think it will be admitted that Shakespeare has been completely successful in conveying to the audience the feeling that Hamlet's conviction of his uncle's guilt was a moral conviction without evidence to back it; and that it is his endeavour to substantiate this conviction that forms the mainspring of the plot of the play.

## IV.

Act II., as might be expected, is mainly an Act of intrigue, and concerns Hamlet's relations with those who are trying to pierce his secret, together with the methods he adopts to outwit them. In order to create a doubt in the King's mind which will cause him to think twice before getting rid of a possible madman, Hamlet naturally wishes to suggest alternative explanations for his conduct; and it is here that Polonius's worldly wisdom gives him a useful ally. While Hamlet's unceremonious visit to Ophelia was probably due to a desire to see if he could confide in her, the exaggerated style in which it was carried out was intended to have its effect upon Polonius; and Hamlet is so amused by the way in which he falls into the trap that he cannot help poking fun at the old man whenever he sees him.

He follows up this visit with the note read in Scene 2, and it is interesting to see how Shakespeare manages to depict the growing uneasiness of Claudius's mind (and, for different reasons, the Queen's) in the by-play which precedes its production. Both the visit and the note skilfully hint that Hamlet is possessed by some horrible doubt; and it requires little acumen on the King's part to perceive that it is not doubt of Ophelia:

"Doubt truth to be a liar;  
But never doubt I love."

Hence he arranges with Polonius to submit the matter to the further test of the encounter in the gallery.

The scene with Rosencrantz and Guildenstern preceding Polonius's entrance shows that Claudius has already seen through Hamlet's pretence and suspects him of putting on this "antic disposition" as a measure of protest against his uncle's usurpation. The King therefore sets these two courtiers to spy on him and see whether ambition be the motive for his behaviour. But Hamlet has foreseen this move too, and easily parries their attempts to pump him, though at the same time he manages to hint that his uncle is at the bottom of the matter.

The really important event of the Second Act is the



arrival of the Players, and the Soliloquy which concludes it. Hamlet has realised by now that, however effective the feigned madness may be in arousing the King's secret remorse, it will require some more powerful influence to make him betray himself to his nephew. We have already seen that the obvious course—that of taxing Claudius openly with the crime—is impossible, because he has no reasonable ground to stand on. The arrival of the Players gives him the idea of reconstructing the murder before the King's eyes in the hope of shaking his self-possession; and he proceeds to test it in characteristic fashion by asking the First Player to recite speeches which have a direct bearing on his own situation. All these thoughts are expressed in the Soliloquy which follows, and it is mere lack of imagination which sees in it the complaint of a neurotic mind without the will to act.

## V.

In the Third Act the plot begins to thicken. The First Scene of it leaves the King convinced that love is not the cause of Hamlet's madness. It is as well to note in passing that Claudius's short aside just before Hamlet's entrance is at once the first hint that the audience has that there is some truth in Hamlet's suspicions, and a sign that the feigned madness is having its effect. Hamlet's famous Soliloquy follows, and like the preceding one has been grievously misinterpreted. The general view is that his sense of impotence is so great that he wishes to seek refuge from the pain of it in suicide. But it should now be clear that the death he contemplates is the one that comes from "taking arms against a sea of troubles"—i.e., from taxing the King openly with his crime. It is the obvious way out of them; and the reason why he does not follow it is that if he did so his duty of avenging his father would remain unaccomplished. Although he does not believe in a hell from which ghosts come to plague us (and I trust the reader will now find here no inconsistency) he is inclined to believe that there is some punishment in the "sleep of death" for those who leave their earthly duties undone:

“ Thus conscience does make cowards of us all  
And thus the native hue of resolution  
Is sicklied o’er with the pale cast of thought.”

We now come to the painful scene with Ophelia which has led some commentators to assert that Hamlet must be really mad to behave to a delicate and sensitive girl in such a manner. But it is obvious that Hamlet’s change of tone is due to the fact that he has guessed why this “chance” meeting has been brought about. In some productions of the play the point is emphasised by having Polonius protrude from the curtains in an unmistakeable fashion. Moreover, if the situation is regarded from Hamlet’s point of view instead of from that of the Ever-Womanly, it will be seen that Ophelia could not have dealt him a shrewder blow. Surely she has sufficient faith in her lover to refuse to be made a party to any underhand plot against him! All his remarks to her, both here and in the Play Scene, are simply reproaches for her lack of constancy, and warnings to her not to interfere with him. I am afraid that as a heroine Ophelia is a sad failure. It is a case of like father, like daughter. She is so set on doing the correct thing, and takes so much innocent pleasure in it, that she quite misses the essentials of the situation. When her father is killed, and her lover sent into exile, her whole scheme of life falls to pieces, and she is forced to make a regression to childhood, because she cannot understand what has happened. In other words, Ophelia is what some critics have tried to make out Hamlet to be.

Turning now to the Play Scene, let us first remark how Hamlet always twists every topic of conversation round to the mystery of his father’s death and his mother’s hasty marriage, so as to point the real meaning of the play itself. Some writers profess to find his remarks to Ophelia gratuitously insulting, but when we remember the freer language of the time and the provocation she has given him, we may let the matter pass. In any case, he wishes to show the King plainly that he has seen through her deceit and is not mad for love of her.

↳ Nor can his wild remarks to Horatio after the King’s  
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exit be interpreted as the utterance of a mind diseased. Archimedes the philosopher was so delighted with his discovery of Specific Gravity that he ran naked through the streets shouting 'Eureka!' Hamlet's delight at the success of his experiment takes a similar extravagant form. There is no need to think of it as a portent: it is simply a natural reaction, which is instantly suppressed at the entrance of Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.

## VI.

Scene 3 of the Third Act contains the crisis of the play. Up to this point Hamlet's course has been triumphantly successful. At the cost of putting the King on his guard against him, he has succeeded in obtaining confirmatory evidence of his suspicions, and in such a way that the King cannot strike back openly and at once. Everything is favourable for his revenge; and yet he lets the golden opportunity slip by without acting, and, in the next Scene, commits the murder which is to prove his ultimate undoing.

If we are not to adopt the conventional view that his nerve failed him at the supreme moment (which would be a mere anti-climax) we must look carefully at the situation to see what his motives could be. Some writers have found the reasons stated in his Soliloquy to be unbelievably fiendish, and treat them as a rationalisation of his desire not to kill his uncle at all. Granted that Hamlet is right to wish to avenge his father (and *for him*) it was a solemn duty) it seems to me that the arguments he puts forward for not acting are quite valid. But are his religious views sufficiently orthodox to justify his abiding by them? The reader who has followed me thus far will agree that Hamlet did not look at religion from the point of view of the average believer; otherwise he would have had nothing more to do with the Ghost. It follows then that the reasons he gives are not his only reasons for not killing Claudius, and that we must look for the others elsewhere.

Just as before we found the critics in error because they assumed too hastily that Hamlet would have been justified in killing Claudius at once, so here we shall find them



repeating the same mistake. Although Claudius's flight from the play may have turned Hamlet's moral conviction into a moral certainty, it was still not sufficient to warrant his taking the irrevocable step of killing him. What judge would hang a criminal on such flimsy evidence? No advocate, however unscrupulous, would dare, in prosecuting a murderer, to base his case on the fact that he flinched when confronted with the body of the victim. Some critics of Hamlet seem to think that the mere suspicion of a man's having committed murder ought to make us want to lynch him. It may be objected that Hamlet was not judge or jury; and that circumstances required him to take the law into his own hands—in fact, that he thought it was his duty to kill his uncle, whatever the consequences to himself. I admit the duty; but I do not admit that it freed him from that inward justice on which the law is founded. Seeing what the evidence against his uncle was, his very humanity made him stay his hand; he could not strike without a just reason for so doing.

By a stroke of supreme irony, Shakespeare informs the audience of Claudius's guilt immediately *before* Hamlet reaches this momentous decision, so that they know at last that he has a right to take his revenge. Moreover, by the couplet which the King utters upon rising from his knees, he shows that even Hamlet's ostensible reason for not acting has no real foundation, for the King, though at prayer, was not in a state of grace, and Hamlet could have killed him without scruple. But both these facts, though known to the audience, are hidden from Hamlet, and so he lets the opportunity go by.\*

## VII.

Bearing our conclusions in mind, let us now proceed to consider the Closet Scene, which forms the climax of the tragedy. There has been some speculation as to whether

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\* It should, however, be noted that Hamlet only spares the King so long as he makes no move against him. When he believes him to be eavesdropping in the Queen's closet, he has no compunction in running him through, because this action is tantamount to a confession of guilt.

the Queen was an accessory before the fact of the murder. Some critics have even gone so far as to accuse Shakespeare of inconsistency in this direction. It is true that the Ghost accuses her of adultery, and perhaps (by implication) of connivance. But, since the Ghost is only a dramatisation of Hamlet's suspicions, it does not follow that this is the truth. Judging by the way in which the Queen receives the accusation, I should say that it was the events of the Play Scene that make her suspect Claudius's guilt, while Hamlet by his vehement denunciations succeeds in driving home this conviction, together with the realisation that she is directly responsible for her husband's action. Whether the "black and grainèd spots" upon her soul were the remembrance of actual adulteries we may leave in darkness, as Hamlet left it.

At the height of his excitement, when his indignation is threatening to overmaster him, the Ghost appears once more. But this time Hamlet is not alone and it is clearly proved to be an hallucination:

"This is the very coinage of your brain:  
This bodiless creation ecstasy  
Is very cunning in."

We may perhaps notice that Hamlet no longer treats it as a "poor ghost," but speaks to it as though it were what it seems to be: such is the effect of the Play Scene in establishing its bona-fides. Nevertheless, the quality of his experience is now fully known to him, while at the same time he realises that though what he sees is the product of his own imagination, it is not the illusion of madness, but the supernatural vision of genius.

Why, then, does the Ghost appear to him at this juncture? The suggestion obviously comes from the portrait at which Hamlet has been gazing but a few moments before: but what is the complex of emotions which could only find expression by taking that form in his mind's eye? If we turn to what it says itself, we shall see that it is essentially a reminder that, while he is in danger of killing his mother in the terrible ecstasy of his indignation, his real purpose—that of revenging himself on the King—is "almost blunted" by the murder of Polonius.

Most critics take it as plain proof of Hamlet's neurasthenia that even when the Ghost has appeared to him for the second time he still delays to act and allows himself to be shipped off tamely to England. To my mind, this shows insufficient grasp of the situation. As soon as he learns of the murder, the King realises that the blow was intended for him, and has no further doubt of what is in Hamlet's mind. If Hamlet stays on at Court, Claudius will have a good excuse for putting him under restraint as a dangerous lunatic, especially if he makes an open attempt on the King's life, which is bound to be frustrated. On the other hand, if he allows himself to be sent away, Claudius will hush up the affair, thinking to have got rid of him, and so will have no reason for seizing him if he unexpectedly returns with his reason restored.

Some mystery has been made about the fact that Hamlet has no means of knowing that he is to be sent to England, as Claudius announces his decision when he is not on the stage. It is clear that he did not get his knowledge by eavesdropping when the King first mentions the project to Polonius in Act III., Sc. 1, because he does not know that it is Polonius who is hidden behind the arras. But may we not assume that it was common knowledge that the English tribute had to be collected, and that this would be the first excuse likely to occur to the King if he wanted to get rid of Hamlet? When Hamlet says to the Queen, "I must to England; you know that?" he is simply bluffing; and as soon as the Queen replies in the affirmative, the whole plot becomes clear to him—always supposing that the King really is a murderer, and is not packing Hamlet off to England "for his especial safety." And, in passing, need we wonder at Hamlet's bluntness with regard to the body of Polonius when we remember that he realises that his death is the almost inevitable outcome of the murder? As he himself says:

"I will bestow him, and will answer well  
The death I gave him."

If Polonius is now no more than so much carrion, that is all Hamlet himself is likely to be in the near future.



## VIII.

In Act IV. the action is fairly straightforward and needs no special comment, except for the scene in which Hamlet himself appears. The long Soliloquy beginning "How all occasions do inform against me!" certainly seems to be a confession of inability to act and shame at the thought of it. Yet if we look at it more closely we shall see that this inability is not, as some critics would have it, due to a psychological inhibition, but to the exigencies of the situation. The question is whether it is better for Hamlet to seem to submit to being sent to England, or, like Laertes, take some swift action to find out the truth and secure his revenge. The very next scene shows us how Claudius would deal with such a situation. Although Hamlet is convinced of his uncle's guilt, he still has no real evidence to prove it; and so, in spite of the fact that it galls him to leave the scene of action, his reason forces him to pursue his predetermined course. Nevertheless, he cannot help wondering

"whether it be  
Bestial oblivion, or some craven scruple  
Of thinking too precisely on the event."

(i.e., result) which is really preventing him from setting his wits to work to find some way of confronting the King. And the sight of so many men ready to die for a cause which has as little reason in it in the eyes of the world as his own appears to have, makes this doubt even more unbearable. The fact is that Hamlet is still unable to kill Claudius unless his uncle first makes some overt move against him which will be a clear proof of his guilt.

## IX.

The grim humour of Hamlet's encounter with the Gravedigger in Act V. Scene I, lies in the fact that he knows perfectly well that he has returned to Denmark in imminent danger of his life. Jestings with him is like jesting with death itself; and when Shakespeare makes him leap into the open grave he is only pointing the sombre moral which runs through the whole Scene.

The problem which arises is to determine why Hamlet allowed himself to make this outburst, since we can hardly follow the general view and put it down to neurasthenia. Let us first remember that he does not know that Ophelia has been drowned, or that Laertes has returned from France.\* Hence, when he hears that she has died under doubtful circumstances and that Laertes puts the blame on him he cannot help coming forward to express his grief. Knowing Laertes' somewhat priggish nature, he is unable to resist trying to spoil his effect for him, with half an eye to producing the impression that his mind is still a little unhinged. Unfortunately, he does not realise that the King has taken Laertes into his confidence, and thinks that he accepts the story that Hamlet killed Polonius in a fit of madness. For this reason his outburst has the opposite effect to what he intended, and only confirms Laertes in his resolve to meet cunning with cunning.

By this time the play has almost reached its *dénouement*. Each antagonist is determined to encompass the death of the other. The arrival of Laertes has provided the King with just the weapon he needs after the failure of his plan to get rid of Hamlet in England. Hamlet, on the other hand is back in Denmark and knows Laertes is his enemy. Yet although the King has laid his plans, it seems that Hamlet is waiting for him to move, without taking any steps to carry out his purpose. Cannot this be taken as a proof of his inability to act?

As it might be said that it was only the direct interposition of Fate that sent him back to Denmark, and that there is therefore no evidence that he intended to do anything, let us first note that there is a strong doubt whether the fight with the pirates was as fortuitous as Hamlet's letters made it out to be. He would naturally write as cautiously as possible to Horatio, in case the letter fell into other hands. But when we read that as soon as Hamlet boarded the pirate ship they got clear of his own, we cannot help thinking that Shakespeare intended

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\* It is probable that the Scene in the Churchyard takes place on Hamlet's journey back to Court with Horatio.

us to gather that the fight was pre-arranged for Hamlet's benefit, and that that was why he was to "do a good turn" for them.

But it is in the last Scene, when he tells Horatio about the changed commissions, that we see the nature of his counterplot. Hamlet has been blamed for needless brutality in sending his quondam schoolfellows to their death when they had done him no real injury. But if we consider the effect that the news of their execution would have at Court, we can see that he had good reason to take this action. Claudius cannot clear himself of responsibility for their deaths without either publicly or privately accusing Hamlet; and Hamlet can retort by producing the real commission and accusing his uncle of the murder. Thus the King's hand will be forced, and he will have to make some open or secret move against his nephew which will give him the opportunity to retaliate. Hamlet would gladly sacrifice his old comrades if by so doing he could accomplish his purpose:

"'Tis dangerous when the baser nature comes  
Between the pass and fell incensèd points  
Of mighty opposites."

#### X.

The rest of the Scene, being fairly straightforward, may be passed over without comment; and we may conclude by asking ourselves what effect Shakespeare intended his tragedy to have upon his audience.

It is obvious that he was not simply trying to please the public by patching up a crude melodrama as best he could. This view is founded on the assumption that as far as the plot went he followed Saxo implicitly, while seeking to work into it his own conception of Hamlet's character. If the reader has followed the argument of the preceding pages, he should now be convinced that, although Shakespeare made use of incidents in Saxo, he took a much more subtle view of the situation which produced them. The difference between Saxo's version of the story and Shakespeare's is the difference between the early Middle Ages and the



Renaissance. One breathes the savage directness of the Norse epic, while the other reflects the civilised intrigue of an Elizabethan Court. We shall miss the whole point of the play if we look at it from the former standpoint.

In this setting the hero of the tragedy is bound to be the prince of intriguers—a man endowed with such natural gifts that, given a reasonable chance, he is able to outwit all his opponents. The orthodox Hamlet is not strictly a hero at all, because he is unable to cope with the situation in which he finds himself. However good the excuse for his delay, there is always a touch of impatience in our pity for him. It is a healthy instinct which gives us this feeling; for a great man (and all Shakespeare's tragic heroes bear on them the marks of greatness) is always equal to an emergency. He does not let the thought of what has been done or what is yet to do deflect him one hair's breadth from the path he has chosen: and Hamlet is no exception to this rule.

What has happened is that the majority of critics have been led astray by a false conception of tragedy. They believe that a tragic hero is a man who arouses our pity by being crushed by a Fate which is too strong for him, whereas he does not differ fundamentally from the hero of real life. We do not admire the soldier who is forced to return to the base hospital through shell-shock, however much we may pity him. The man we admire is the man who goes over the top to drag the former into safety, and loses his life in the act. The tragic hero is a man who knows that he is placed in such a position that he must forfeit either his self-respect or his life to get out of it. In Hamlet's case the choice lies between dismissing the Ghost as an illusion (thus neglecting his solemn duty to his father's memory) and adopting the course of feigning madness (which may end in betraying him into the hands of his enemy). He is shown to be strong enough to choose right and to abide by his choice to the end.

Shakespeare does not therefore intend to oppress his audience with a sense of the powerlessness of man in face of a malignant Fate, but rather to make them triumph in the steadfastness which enables him to overcome it,

even at the expense of losing life itself. We should rise after witnessing a performance of *Hamlet* with the conviction that the death of the hero was not in vain, because without it his purpose could not have been accomplished; and we should rejoice at the same time, because the purpose was a righteous one.

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### SHAKESPEARE A GREAT LAWYER.

[Sir Edwin Durning-Lawrence in "Bacon is Shakespeare."']

“**N**ONE but the profoundest lawyers can realise the extent of the knowledge, not only of the theory, but of the practice of Law which is displayed. Lord Campbell says that Lord Eldon (supposed to have been the most learned of judges) need not have been ashamed of the law of Shakespeare. And as an instance of the way in which the members of the legal profession look up to the mighty author, I may mention that, some years ago, at a banquet of a Shakespeare society at which Mr. Sidney Lee and the writer were present, the late Mr. Crump, Q.C., editor of the *Law Times*, who probably possessed as much knowledge of law as any man in this country, declared that to tell him that the plays were not written by the greatest lawyer the world has ever seen, or ever would see, was to tell him what he had sufficient knowledge of law to know to be nonsense. He said also that he was not ashamed to confess that he himself, though he had some reputation for knowledge of law, did not possess sufficient legal knowledge to realise one quarter of the law that was contained in the Shakespeare plays.”

## WAS DR. ORVILLE OWEN ON THE RIGHT TRACK?

BY HENRY SEYMOUR.

THE above caption headed a two-column special article in the *Western Mail and South Wales News* (Cardiff) of 21st June, 1930, which is devoted to a possible discovery by Mr. Fred Hammond, of Chepstow, of the alleged secret spot which was vainly sought by the late Dr. Owen and said by him to have been indicated in his Baconian deciphering as the place of concealment of the "Shakespeare" manuscripts. It was in 1909 when Dr. Owen first crossed the Atlantic and took up his quarters at Chepstow and got permission to explore in the neighbourhood of the Castle with a view to discovering these precious documents in order to set at rest, at once and for ever, the seemingly perennial controversy as to whether Francis Bacon or William Shakspeare really created the masterpieces issued under a name similarly, but not the same, as that of the latter. Numerous excavations were made for a considerable length of time to no definite purpose. Dr. Owen at length said that the cypher was incomplete and left much to unravel: he required further time and research in order to pursue the quest. Before leaving Chepstow the Doctor did partly divulge the secret of the cypher to Mr. Hammond and entrusted him with a copy of his transcript. This transcript describes the ruins of an old Roman watch-tower on the top of Wasp Hill where the Wye joins the Severn; it describes a castle situated near, a clay-pit and a rill, and says there are broad arrows cut into the wall and pointing to a cave. It then goes on to say that this is not visible from the Castle, but it may be reached by ladders and by scaling the wall; and when the right spot is touched, the seeker will find the 66 boxes of MSS., together with one containing "a gruesome object." To those in the confidence of Dr. Owen it has been said that this latter relic



referred to is no other than Shakspeare's skull! All these had been brought to the place by a sailing boat from the Usk and hauled up by means of tackle and ropes to the cave mentioned. It asserts that each box was lined with lead, in order to preserve its contents, but that one box was damaged and broken open which would cause the books in it to be mouldy. The transcript contains several particulars of how to reach the spot, which had afterwards been built up and covered with stone and foliage to escape notice.

The foregoing excerpt of the cypher transcript was said to have been decoded by Dr. Owen from the Johnstoun Supplement to the 1638 edition of the *Arcadia*. But Dr. Owen failed to successfully follow the clues and eventually gave up the search in disappointment and despair. Two years later, however, he returned again to Chepstow, full of hope and enthusiasm. Some anonymous correspondent had sent the Doctor an anagrammatic reading of line TWO of the Verses to the Reader in the First Folio of Shakspeare:—

It was for gentle Shakespeare cut,  
which reads:—

Seek, sir, a true angle at Chepstow. F.

There was also a story that Dr. Owen had returned from America because of a communication from a Chepstow chimney sweep who professed to have found somewhere on the banks of the Wye an old book containing the secret of the whereabouts of the hidden treasure, viz., the Bacon-Shakespeare manuscripts. As the sweep demanded £10,000 for his "find" it was regarded as a "mare's nest" and nothing came of it. By further decipherings Dr. Owen was directed to *The Tempest* and by the line of Prospero—

"Deeper than plummet sound I'll drown my book,"

he was led to search the bed of the Wye, where he thought a Cache, containing the MSS had been lodged. But this came to nothing, and Dr. Owen subsequently left England, never to return.

Some years later, Dr. Prescott, a friend of Owen's, came over to England to follow up the scent, with some aids which Owen furnished. But no more success attended the efforts of Dr. Prescott. He, too, returned to America very disappointed. Then Mr. H. Shafter Howard, of Harvard University, acquired Dr. Prescott's rights and interests in excavation work and expended a great deal of effort and money in a further attempt. Two or three years ago, he returned to America also, leaving the search uncompleted. And now, Mr. Fred Hammond, a Baconian living at Chepstow, believes he has at least procured some confirmation of the cypher transcript, a copy of which Dr. Owen had many years ago given him.

I had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Hammond some two or more years ago. We discussed the Chepstow adventures *ad lib*. He told me of the cypher transcript referred to which has now been published for the first time in the *Western Mail*. He thought at that time that he was following up some important clues. He promised to send me a copy of the transcript for preservation, in case of any untoward circumstance which might arise to cause it to be lost. The copy, with some notes and explanations, I duly received. He pointed out the improbability of Dr. Owen ever having visited the particular spot indicated by the "true angle" reference already quoted, which after examination since by Mr. Hammond, stangely confirms, in some measure, several of the details contained in the cypher. Not only is the "broad arrow" of the cypher plainly preserved, but also a cutting known as Solomon's Seal.

Mr. Hammond, although a Baconian by conviction, is not a devotee of Dr. Owen, nor of the cypher claimed to have been discovered by him. But in the intervening years he has thought over the whole matter and has at length been struck by the correctness of much that has been verified by personal observations. He knows every inch of the ground at Chepstow. He has found that by taking the watchtower on Tutshill as a starting point and drawing two lines on an Ordnance map—one from the tower to a point on the river bank and the other at a right,

or true, angle, to it, the line will pass the rill of water referred to in the cypher, and under the Castle rock, leading straight through the arched rift under the Castle cellar, across the courtyard where stands the famous walnut tree, and to "Martens" tower. Entering this cave-like tower there is a chamber on the left side containing a stairway. On the right is a blank wall, but unmistakable evidence that there was formerly a corresponding chamber on the other side, which has been walled up. Outside the two there are also walled-up doorways, half-buried with earth.

Mr. Hammond does not say—"Unseal that chamber and you will find therein the things for which Dr. Owen was seeking," but he sanely argues that there is obviously a closed secret chamber there and that at no great cost it could be opened. And he would like to see it done, if only from an antiquarian point of view.

Mr. W. R. Lysaght, C.B.E., the present owner of the Castle, declines to permit the suggestion to be carried into effect, which is a pity; for whatever the result, it would scarcely fail to add to the interest attaching to this historic pile. In conclusion, it will be remembered that Chepstow Castle was the seat of Bacon's friend, the Earl of Pembroke, and to which is said that Bacon was a frequent visitor.



## WHAT DOES IT MATTER?

BY H. BRIDGEWATER.

A NUMBER of people hold the opinion that it does not in the least matter who wrote the immortal Plays. "We have the poems and we have the Plays," they say. "Why bother whether Shakespeare or my Lord of Verulam was the author of them?" "That which we call a rose by any other name would smell as sweet," etc.

These people seem to be under the impression that the desire of Baconians to convert others to their cause is dictated merely, or mainly, by the wish to involve them in an abstruse argument, having no more justification for it than the interest that attaches, say, to a game of chess, or the solution of a "Bridge" problem!

It may be well, therefore, to put on record the reasons which really actuate us; for certainly it is true that there is no Baconian worthy the name who does not seek to gain general acceptance of the knowledge that is his.

Very little consideration will serve to show that knowledge of the identity of him who wrote "Shakespeare" not only matters, but matters enormously; for interest in the work is bound to suffer if one conceives the author to have been a man of no more education than that which could possibly have been possessed by the butcher's apprentice of Stratford-upon-Avon.

Human nature being what it is, how could anyone, having any information at all of the sordid history of that man, approach the matchless literary gems that the Plays of "Shakespeare" are, with anything approximating the spirit of veneration and enthusiasm that they so richly merit?

If it be true to say, as I think it is, that it is impossible for anyone conceiving the author to have been a butcher's assistant, to read his "Sheakspeare" with full and unfettered appreciation of its marvellous literary beauty and of its profound and noble philosophy, then the importance of the authorship question is surely sufficiently established.

If anything in this mundane sphere matters at all, it matters much if anything should prejudice or detract in any degree from the study of the world's most priceless literary possession. It matters not a little if anything should—as the orthodox view of its authorship certainly does—lessen by one iota the urge that should exist to read, mark, learn and inwardly digest every line of it.

What moves us then to convince others that the works of "Shakespeare" were the result of the labour of love of the most learned nobleman of his, or any other, age, is the profoundness of our admiration for them; the fear lest, by reason of the conception of the author as being a man of mean birth and up-bringing who brought them forth spontaneously—somewhat after the manner in which a fire is sometimes kindled in a haystack—should be deterred from experiencing the pleasure and profit that we ourselves have enjoyed.

I speak of profit, as well as of pleasure, for the reason that the immortal Plays furnish not only the means to a liberal education, but afford also the highest moral teaching. Shorn of all humbug and pretence the Plays deal with every human emotion and experience. All the facts of life are frankly faced. But in refreshing contrast with the character of so many modern novels, one cannot point to any single instance where despicable conduct is not depicted in such a way as to cause us to despise it.

There is not a passage in the whole of "Shakespeare" that is salacious. The amorous Falstaff is made a laughing stock, and thrown into the river from a basket of dirty linen.

Has drunkenness ever been more effectively condemned than it is in "Othello", where Cassio, having been made drunk by Iago, concludes the tale of his disgust with himself, and the consequences of his folly with these words:—

"O! thou miserable spirit of wine, if thou hast  
no name to be known by, let us call thee devil."

and

"O God, that men should put an enemy into their  
mouths to steal away their brains."

The sin of ingratitude is not in the language of mankind more trenchantly attacked than in those lines in "As You Like it":—

"Blow, Blow, thou winter wind,  
Thou are not so unkind  
As man's ingratitude."

In "Measure for Measure" tyrannous conduct finds the lash in these words:—

"O, it is excellent to have a giant's strength;  
But it is tyrannous to use it like a giant."

And so it is all through: virtue is extolled and every vice denounced. With Samuel Taylor Coleridge I think that "Shakespeare" is the work of all others to make readers better as well as wiser; and I, therefore, deplore anything that militates against its study—as the idea of a money-lending-butcher's-apprentice author unquestionably does.

Is it not that view of the personality of the author that accounts for the fact that writers of the type of Mr. Bernard Shaw may be found complacently drawing comparison between their writing and those of the immortal Bard?

Is it not this harmful tradition that encourages still lesser literary lights to allow themselves the liberties of criticism which otherwise they would not dare to take?

There is another reason why the laurel wreath should at last be transferred to the noble brow of him to whom it has been proved to belong: the fact that if we do not do this for ourselves it will be done for us and despite us in every country but England.

In the United States, and in France and Germany the question of the true authorship of Shakespeare is being more and more widely studied—with the only possible result.

Pride in our Country then—Patriotism—makes it galling to us Baconians that Englishman should appear apathetic in this matter, and continue to repeat, parrot-like and stupidly, as it seems to us, the question "What does it matter?"



## CIPHERS, REAL AND OTHERWISE.

BY G. L. CALVERT.

**T**HAT ciphers were employed extensively and had attained a high degree of efficiency in the seventeenth century is not open to question. Originally, these devices were employed in the services of Princes and for purposes of secret communication between State and State, and afterwards between ministers in their confidential dispatches. Walsingham, Elizabeth's Minister in Paris, having a matter of great moment to communicate to London, left his post to deliver it personally, fearing that it would be dangerous to allow even the Queen's decipherers to become aware of it. Spedding tells us also that Francis and Anthony Bacon employed a number of writers, "receiving letters which were mostly in cipher," and that these passed through the hands of Francis "to the Earl of Essex deciphered." Baxter points out further that in one of Anthony's letters directed to Francis at Court, September 11th, 1593, he says that his servant Yates having lost his letters, it was impossible for him to recover his cipher that night.\*

From this it is clear that Francis Bacon was accustomed to employ ciphers in the ordinary affairs of his official life. And the numerous treatises on ciphers which appeared in his time were bound to result in their use, not by professional politicians exclusively, but by others outside that limited circle. Moreover, it is historically established that many of the greatest authors of antiquity who desired to publish their works of innovation in secret have adopted the device of the cipher to conceal, for future ages to reveal, their actual authorship. There are too many instances of this fact to cite, and anyone familiar with the bibliography of Cryptography knows this perfectly well.

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\*Birch, *Memoirs*, vol. 1, p. 121, London, 1754.

Now, it is not at all improbable, in face of these facts, that Francis Bacon did actually insert (or "infould," as he himself expresses it, when animadverting on Ciphers in his acknowledged works) cipher communications in works assumed to be his but ascribed to other authors. His philosophical works, as such, he could safely father, whereas numerous other creations which, as may be reasonably conjectured, were experimental both in theory and style, required anonymity, or for safer reasons, pseudonymity, to cloak the real author for the time being. I am prepared to believe, on purely circumstantial evidence alone, that Francis Bacon wrote an enormous number of books of which even his followers have no suspicion, apart from the many which they have already claimed as his, although published under names of contemporaries, but generally *after they were dead*.

The point I desire to raise for the consideration of readers is that too much energy and attention are given, in my opinion, to *pseudo*-ciphers in the attempt to establish conclusions, many of which are improbable or doubtful if considered from the evidence furnished on their behalf by those who espouse them. Amongst modern protagonists of the cipher, the Hon. Ignatius Donnelly made a first-class show, but has anyone living since been able to conscientiously work out his arithmetical conclusions, indicating a "word" cipher, by the rules given by the author himself? Donnelly was followed by another American, Dr. Ward Owen, who claimed another conception of a "word" cipher as his own discovery consisting of a transposition of textual words and lines from the works of Shakespeare and others, by means of *key-words* for the purpose of joining up the lines in their correct sequence. How these "key-words" themselves were first discovered is not disclosed, although *after* the publication of Owen's books, Mrs. E. W. Gallup published many of them in a work devoted to still another form of cipher communication entitled *The Biliteral Cipher of Francis Bacon*.

In these days of scientific examination, there is no room for *faith*. Bacon himself was one of the earliest

philosophers to challenge opinions not based on ascertained facts. That Bacon was the creator of "Shakespeare" I have no doubt whatever, because there are sufficient ascertained facts to warrant that conclusion. That he was also a son of Queen Elizabeth there is a deal (although much of it ambiguous) of evidence to support. It may be argued that Owen was the first to disclose this in his cipher. But on such points, there is room for differences of opinion, as there exists much insinuating contemporary or early evidence to sustain the belief in Bacon's royal birth. The publication of Barclay's *Argenis* is, perhaps, one of the strongest side-lights in this direction. How do we know, therefore, that the cipher account was not constructed out of the materials already in existence? The *Argenis* was originally brought out in 1621 at Paris. In 1629 it was published in English by Sir Robert Le Grys, Kt. But an earlier version, purporting to be a translation of a Latin version of 1622, by "Kingsmill-Long," was issued in 1625 without a key to its interpretation. In 1629, the Le Grys translation furnished this key, who also said that the book was "commanded" of the King (Chas. I). The Key unlocks the mystery of this extraordinary book, of which Cowper wrote—"the style appears to me to be such as not to dishonour Tacitus himself," and Hallam, that the author's "object seems in great measure to have been the discussion of political questions in feigned dialogue." The key explains that the fabulous Hyanisbe is represented in reality as Queen Elizabeth, Archombrotus (her son), and *Argenis* as Margaret of Valois, with whom he was desperately in love. Selenissa stands for Catharine de Medici, and Syphax as the Earl of Leicester. Out of the bewildering tangle of events which make up the story, it would be easy to translate the principal clues into a story as contained in the alleged ciphers, quite apart from the numerous references in State papers as to the relations between Elizabeth and Leicester.

- For some time past I have noticed that a great deal of presumed authority has been given in *BACONIANA* to what have been described as "numerical ciphers."



Everyone knows that the *Gematria*, or the substitution of figures for letters for the purpose of secret communication, is an ancient device, its first use being attributed to the Hebrews, and many of the present-day cipher codes at home and abroad are based on, although varied from, this letter-numeral contrivance. But its interpretation was grounded upon definite principles and not upon the haphazard guesswork in which so many have indulged. The consonance of any letter or word sought to be substituted for a letter or word having the same numerical equivalence is no evidence whatever that the substituted word or signature is what is intended, even though we go to the extent of assuming that intention to be present in any particular instance. There are too many words in the English language having the same numerical equivalence for the simple fact of agreement to have any weight. This elementary consideration is evidently present in the minds of the writers, for it is a common practice for them to make calculations in another variation of cipher-count and shew that they agree and that, therefore, the evidence of intention is manifest by such "corroboration." But this is not defensible, as there is a relation between all numbers, and it is only reasoning in a circle.

We have heard a deal about a "K" cipher—a cipher of double numerals—which is sometimes adopted to confirm the cipher of simple count, but what authority exists as to the reality of such, even though it could be shown to have the least value? The late Dr. Speckman, an ardent Baconian cryptographer and well-known mathematician, informed me some years ago that he failed to find any reasons for supposing the assumed "K" cipher to be anything better than a fiction. It may be that Dr. Speckman was hasty in conclusion, but considering that he was so well versed in the cryptography of Bacon's time—particularly in the ciphers of Trithemius and Selenus—his opinion should be respected as far as it goes. And without desiring to throw cold water on those ingenious persons who spend time on these ciphers, I would wish that a greater part of it might be bestowed less upon an easy acquiescence of what they are interested in discovering

than of making quite sure they are not following false scents. As Davys says, in his *Essay on the Art of Decyphering*, "the method of decyphering is *vaga Venatio*: we must look for the hare, where she is not, as well as where she is; we sometimes weary ourselves with beating the bush to no purpose; we sometimes start the Game, where we little expected to find it, but when that is once done, we are sufficiently recompensed by the pleasure we take in the pursuit. To speak out of figure, we proceed with our guesses, *donee quid certi constat*, as our great Master expresses himself, or as he elsewhere says, till we shall happen upon something that we may conclude for truth."

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### SIR CHARLES LYELL ON PERSIAN LITERATURE.

IT is not generally known that the passage in the *Merchant of Venice*—"How far that little candle throws its beams"—is a verbal reproduction from the ancient Persian poems, most of which were written before the introduction of printing into Persia. So declared Professor Ranking, one-time reader in Persian at Oxford University. This statement provoked the late Mrs. C. M. Pott to address a request to the late Sir Charles Lyell on Persian poetry knowing him to be well acquainted with Persian literature. "I have plenty of Persian books," answered Sir Charles, "but I fear that they would not assist Mrs. Pott in considering the question whether any passages in Shakespeare are likely to be borrowed from Persian. The fact is, that Persian literature was also utterly unknown in Europe during the lifetime of both Shakespeare and Bacon. The first introduction of Persian literature for European readers was the translation of Sa'di's *Gulistan* by Adam Olearius (1600-1671) which was published in German at Schleswig in 1654. If Bacon read German at all, he could not have read this.

But *Arabic* literature, through Spain, had to a small extent made its way into European literature, and especially in the form of wise sayings, apothegms, and such like, long before. The first book bearing a date printed in England by William Caxton was the "Dictes or Sayings of the Philosophers" (1477). This was a translation into English by Lord Rivers of a Latin version of a Spanish rendering of an Arabic book by an Egyptian Arabic author, composed in the year, 1053. The 'wise men' choice sayings recorded include Seth, Hermes—Idris—Enoch, Æsculapius, Homer, Solon, Zeno, Hippocrates, Pythagoras, Plato, Aristotle, Alexander, Ptolemy (the mathematician and geographer) and Lugman, the mythical sage of Arabia. This kind of literature has long been popular both in East and West, and Caxton's work shews that sayings of the kind had every chance of becoming well known to the reading public a century before Elizabethan literature attained its greatest development. There would thus be nothing surprising in finding in Shakespeare verbal coincidences of phrase and thought in sayings of a sententious character with Persian literature. They couldn't, however, by any possibility have been taken direct from the latter." (3 Jan. 1913).

## “GUSTAVUS SELENUS.”

BY FELIX H. BRUNS.

**R**EADERS of BACONIANA may like to hear something about Duke Augustus of Brunswick-Luneburg, the founder of the world-famous library at Wolfenbüttel, who is for ever united with the “Selenus” mystification of Francis Bacon. For undoubtedly the cryptography of “Selenus” is a key to the First Folio of Shakespeare; and Francis Bacon, the true author (“Selenus,”) “The Man in the Moon.”

Augustus, the seventh and last child of his parents, Duke Henry and the Duchess Ursula, was born on April 10th, 1579, at the castle of Dannenberg, on the Elbe. In early youth he was greatly interested in science and the arts. In his fifteenth year he studied at the University of Rostock. From thence he went to Tuebingen; and in 1598 to Strassburg, then a German town. Here, according to his contemporaries, he studied with such success, that he was able to dispute publicly in history, law, and philosophy. Like most young noblemen of that age, he then made the usual European tour, visiting, amongst other places, Rome and Padua, and the islands of Malta and Sicily. Returning home, Augustus succeeded his late brother, the Duke Francis, as Prebendary of the Cathedral Chapter. Later he visited Belgium, France, and England, where he probably met Bacon, returning to his native country in 1604.

At the height of the great European renaissance, at the age of twenty-five, he passed for one of the most learned princes of his time. His elder brother, Julius, now the Duke, granted him the castle and dominion of Hitzacker, and an allowance. “Selenus” calls this the “Museum” of the Duke; his museum, where he could live free from war and politics, devoting his time to the arts and sciences which he loved. During his travels he had always been a great collector of books; and when he went to live at Hitzacker his library was said to be over 8,000 volumes. In 1607, Augustus married Clara Mary, a Princess of Pomerania, who died, childless, sixteen years later. He then



married Dorothy, a daughter of the Prince Rudolph of Anhalt-Zerbst.

At this time no one could have thought that he would ever become a ruling Prince; for the numerous Princes of the House of Guelph were then in full strength and health. But after a remarkable series of fatalities, in 1634, he became the Duke of Brunswick, known as Duke Augustus, the Younger, to distinguish him from his cousin, Augustus of Celle. As a Prince of the House of Hanover, Augustus the Younger, and his association with art and science, must be of special interest to the present honoured Royal Family of Great Britain, who so it has been reported, have several times expressed interest in published matter relating to the cipher story discovered in the works of Shakespeare and others.

In 1635, Augustus entered into full government of the Duchy of Brunswick-Wolfenbüttel; and from then all his pains were devoted to free his country and alleviate the miseries caused by the Thirty Years' War. He united with other Guelph Princes, and with the Swedes raised the siege of the town of Wolfenbüttel, finally driving away the Emperor's troops, under Pappenheim, in the year 1643. The Duke's first care was to rebuild the devastated city, in which he thenceforth resided. A new quarter was created which was called by the grateful citizens, "Augustus-town," by which name it is known to-day.

He not only rebuilt the town and ramparts, but also paid attention to the church and schools and other necessary reforms. Although not known as a great man in literature, Augustus was a virtuous, religious and truly humane Prince. His labours were colossal. Besides the books he wrote and published, he carried on a correspondence with scholars abroad, and left a catalogue, which exists to-day, of five folio volumes in his own hand. The library, at his death, consisted of 150,000 volumes.

On the death of his second wife, the Duke married in 1635, Elizabeth, daughter of Duke John Albert of Mecklenburg, by whom he had three children. Like Bacon, with his "Mediocria Firma," the Duke did not believe in overasty resolutions. His motto was "All with considera-

tion." Until he died at the ripe age of 87 in September, 1666, after a life singularly free from illness, he enjoyed until the last day a rare mental activity. The cathedral of Wolfenbüttel, one of the most beautiful works of the Renaissance, bears his honoured remains.

This brief outline of a rich and singular personality may explain how the true "Shake-speare" must have felt to the princely man of science, whom he undoubtedly knew. As for the somewhat forgotten and neglected "Selenus" publications, the Duke, in my opinion, merely played the part of editor and publisher, and was not the real author. This, I believe, was Francis Bacon. The Duke was undoubtedly a Rosicrucian brother; and possibly Bacon saw him, either at Hitzacker Castle, or visited him at Wolfenbüttel.

As for the "Selenus" mystification, the preserved correspondence of the Duke deserves, in my opinion, a closer examination than it has yet received. Certain hints seem to point to the Duke's true part in the enforced concealment. In a certain passage, the Duke, writing to the engravers about the prints, notes, and payment for engravings, remarks that the payment for these engravings should be forthcoming from *England*. The German writer Bleibtreu, the originator of the untenable theory of the Rutland authorship of the plays (in spite of the fact that, if he were the author, Rutland must have written *Hamlet* at the age of 13!) stated that the Duke was writing from England to Wolfenbüttel. This seems impossible, as Augustus, when the cryptographic compendium was published was still living at Hitzacker, and could not at that time have had any idea that he would ever become the Duke. This is the method that certain so-called historians and writers adopt.

This necessarily brief account of one, who, in my opinion, was one of Verulam's greatest friends and patrons, may lead some Baconians to a closer study of the pretended "Gustavus Selenus," whose world famous library at Wolfenbüttel, undoubtedly will play a very important part, when the time comes for the final clearing-up of the great "Shake-speare" mystery.

## MORE PARALLELISMS.

BY VERAX.

THE number of parallelisms of words and speech, uncommonly in use during Elizabethan times, which have been collated by such patient searchers as Donnelly, Edwin Reed, Mrs. Henry Pott, and others, both in the works of Bacon and Shakespeare, is legion. It seems almost a work of supererogation to add to the list and yet there are many parts of speech, coupled with their peculiar use, which have escaped notice, apparently, in "The Raigne of King Henry the Seventh," and which are found to be similarly employed in the Plays.

"I have not flattered him, but *took* him to life," &c.  
Dedication, *Bacon's Henry VII.*  
"And he that might the vantage best have *took*."  
Shakespeare's *Measure for Measure*.

"*Trains* and mines" (underhand plots).—*Bacon*.  
"Macbeth by many of these *trains* hath sought to win me."  
*Macbeth*, iv., 3.

"*Ever*" (utterly).—*Bacon*.  
"Truth can never be confirm'd enough,  
Though doubts did *ever* sleep."—*Pericles*, v. 1.

"*Keep state*" (maintain dignity).—*Bacon*.  
"But tell the Dauphin I will *keep* my *state*,  
Be like a king, and shew my sail of greatness."  
*Henry V.*, i. 2.

"*Howsoever*" (although).—*Bacon*.  
"*Howsoe'er* 'tis strange, yet it is true."—*Cymbeline*, i. 1.

"*In his danger*" (at his mercy).—*Bacon*.  
"You stand *within his danger*."—*Merchant*, iv. 1.

"*Reclaim*" (subdue, make gentle).—*Bacon*.  
"This wayward girl is so *reclaimed*."—*Romeo*, iv. 2.

"*Green* in his estate" (inexperienced in his new position as King).—*Bacon*.  
"My salad days, when I was *green* in judgment."  
*Ant. and Cleo.*, i. 5.

"*Affected*" (clung to with liking).—*Bacon*.

"She confessed she never loved you, only  
*Affected* greatness got by you, not you:  
Married your royalty."—*Cymbeline*, v. 5.

"*Closely*" (secretly).—*Bacon*.

"Meaning to keep her *closely* at my cell."—*Romeo*, v. 3.

"It was *voiced*" (noised abroad).—*Bacon*.

"Is this the Athenian minion whom the world  
*Voiced* so regardfully?"—*Timon*, iv., 3.

"*Much*" (very).—*Bacon*.

"We shall be *much* unwelcome."—*Troilus*, iv., 1.

"*Refrain* the business" (hold back for execution).—*Bacon*.

"For scarce I can *refrain*  
The execution of my big-swoln heart  
Upon that Clifford."—3rd pt. *Henry VI.*, 2. 11.

"*Commodity*" (use or advantage).—*Bacon*.

"Since Kings break faith upon *commodity*  
Gain be my lord! for I will worship thee."  
*King John*, ii. 2.

"*Engine*" (contrivance or plot).—*Bacon*.

"Take me from this world with treachery, and devise *engines*  
for my life."—*Othello*, iv. 2.

"*Appoint him*" (appoint for himself).—*Bacon*.

"Let every soldier hew *him* down a bough."  
*Macbeth*, v. 4.

"*Carried*" (gained or conquered).—*Bacon*.

"Sir, I beseech you, think you he'll *carry* Rome?"  
*Cor.* iv. 7.

"*Sort* to his desire" (result as he wishes).—*Bacon*.

"*Sort* how it will, I shall have gold for all."  
2nd pt. *Henry VI.*, i. 2.

"*Taketh* for his enemies" (judgeth to be his enemies).

*Bacon*.

"What a thrice-double ass

Was I, to take this drunkard for a god."—*Tempest*, v. 1.

"*to eye*" (to have regard to).—*Bacon*.

"Full many a lady I have *eyed* with best regard."  
*Tempest*, iii. 1.

"*enforced*" (as we now use the simple verb *force*).—*Bacon*.

"My father would *enforce* me marry."  
*Two G. of Verona*, iv. 3.



"of ourselves" (by ourselves).—*Bacon*.

"He being of age to govern of himself."

2 pt. *Henry VI.*, i. 1.

"time enough" (in time enough).—*Bacon*.

(The omission of the preposition also occurs in 1st part *Henry IV.*)

"Sirrah carrier, what time do you mean to come to London?"

*Time enough* to go to bed with a candle."

1st pt. *Henry IV.*, ii. 1.

"at the length" (infrequently found with the article).—*Bacon*.

"But at the length truth will out."—*Merchant*, ii. 2.

"that it stood him upon" (that it was of the highest importance).—*Bacon*.

"Doth it not, think'st thou, stand me now upon?"

*Hamlet*, v. 2.

"tall soldiers" (i.e., brave).—*Bacon*.

"Spoke like a tall fellow that respects his reputation."

*Richard III.*, i. 4.

"long of."—*Bacon*.

"O, she was naught: and long of her it was

That we meet here so strangely."—*Cymbeline*, v. 5.

These idiosyncracies of speech and unusual (to us) meanings of words in the writings of Bacon and "Shakespeare" go far to indicate a common source. It is scarcely likely that two different authors, who were contemporary, would slip into such peculiarities of expression. They were not conventional, as far as I can discover, but peculiar to Bacon and "Shakespeare." Nor can it be argued that one probably copied from the other, because *Henry VII.* was published only one year before the First Folio was published in 1623, and Shakspeare, the actor, had been in his grave at least six years before. The priority of publication of Bacon's *Henry VII.* would logically point to "Shakespeare" having copied from Bacon. If Bacon (as is now being recognised by intelligent persons) was "Shakespeare," then there is no difficulty and the anachronism vanishes into thin air.

## OF "THE ARTE OF ENGLISH POESIE."

(COMMUNICATED BY ALICIA AMY LEITH.)

THE "Arte of English Poesie," attributed to George Puttenham, was published anonymously, apparently between 1584 and 1588 (when Bacon was between 24 and 28 years of age).

The author says:—

"But in these dayes (although some learned princes may take delight in them) yet universally it is not so. For as well Poets as Poesie are despised, and the name become, of honorable infamous, subject to scorn and derision, and rather a reproch than a prayse to any that useth it: for commonly whoso is studious in th' Arte, or shews himselfe excellent in it, they call him in disdayne a phantasticall: and a lightheaded or phantasticall man (by conversion) they call a Poet.

And this proceedes through the barbarous ignoraunce of the time, and pride of many gentlemen and others, whose grosse heads not being brought up or acquainted with any excellent Arte, nor able to contrive, or in manner conceive any matter of subtiltie in any businesse or science, they doe deride and scorne it in all others as superfluous knowledges and vague sciences, and whatsoever devise be of rare invention they terme it phantasticall, construing it to the worst side: and among men such as be modest and grave and of little conversation, nor delighted in the busie life and vayne ridiculous actions of the popular, they call him in scorne a Philosopher, or Poet, as much as to say a phantasticall man, very injuriously (God wot) and to the manifestation of their own ignoraunce, not making difference betwixt termes."

From the Introduction (Arber, 1869) we learn that the book was written by an Englishman born about 1530, a scholar at Oxford; that in his younger days he gave himself up to Poesie, yet in his youth he was brought up in Foreign Courts and knew them better than he did the English.

Further he was on the continent between 1560 and 1670. On page 152 there is a reference to Sir Nicholas Bacon.

Two copies of the work are in the General Library of the British Museum, the other is in the Grenville collection. On the beginning of the latter is written—this copy, which has belonged to Ben Jonson and has his autograph on the title-page is remarkable, for containing after page 84 four cancelled leaves of text, which as far as I am informed are not to be found in any other copy of the book; yet these leaves being cancelled, the 85th page does not carry on the sentence which terminates on page 84.

The cancelled page 85 has "Of the Device or Embleme" and that other which the Greekes call Anagramma, and we the Posie transposed. (Reference to King Lewis XII's device, a porkespick with the posie *prés et loign*, the Purpentine's Nature).

## BACON AS A POET.

EXTRACT FROM "SHAKESPEARE IN FRANCE,"

J. J. JUSSELAND, 1899.

THE name of Shakespeare figures in the "Jugements des Savants," of Baillet, the enemy of Ménage, printed at Paris in 1685-86. In the second volume of that work, an article is devoted to English Poets, and the author writes: "If we end with the English 'it is only to follow the order of geographers who mention 'the islands after the Continent, for one cannot say 'that this country is inferior, even for poetry, to several 'of the northern nations. The principal poets of the 'British Islands in the vulgar tongue, according to the 'above quoted authorities are Abraham Cowley, John 'Downe or Jean Donne, Cleveland, Edmund Waller, 'John Denham, George Herbert, Chancellor Bacon, 'Shakespeare, Fletcher, Beaumont, Suckling, John 'Milton, etc.'"

## SHAKSPERE'S BIRTHPLACE?

THE well-known house on Henley Street, now generally claimed to have been the house in which Shakspeare, the reputed poet, had his birth, was first pointed out as such on the occasion of Garrick's famous Shakspearean jubilee, held there in 1769, two hundred and five years after Shakspeare was born. This necessity, thus imposed upon the inhabitants, of selecting a birthplace for one who had long been forgotten\* among them threw the town into commotion. Three different houses at once became competitors for the honour, and they all remained so in dispute until the beginning of the nineteenth century, when one of them, the Brooks house on the banks of the river, was conveniently torn down. This reduced the perplexing number of birthplaces to two. Another stood near the cemetery and had in its favour a tradition that Shakspeare wrote the ghost scene in Hamlet in full view of its grave-stones from his window at dead of night; but as this story is told also of Westminster Abbey, where the reputed author was said to have passed a night alone for the same purpose, the Henley Street house easily acquired, in course of time, the undisputed supremacy which it holds to-day.

It is practically certain, however, that Shakspeare was not ushered into the world in any one of these dwellings. His father was living in Henley Street (particular location unknown) in 1552, at which time he was fined by the town authorities for maintaining an unsightly mass of stable manure in the street in front of his dwelling. Four years later he purchased the copyhold of a house on the same street, evidently for his own occupancy, for the purchase was made on the eve of his marriage with Mary Arden. In 1575, eleven years after William's birth

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\*The Rev. J. Ward of Stratford, writing forty-seven years after Shakspeare's death, made the following entry in his diary:

"Remember to peruse Shakspeare's plays, that I may not be ignorant of them."



(1654) he also purchased two freehold houses in Stratford, though in what part of the town we have no evidence to show. Even if we concede that the last-mentioned are those now shown respectively as the birthplace and the wool-shop on Henley Street, still, as these are freehold property, and were freehold when purchased, they cannot be identified with any of the copyhold premises that were in John Shakspeare's possession or occupancy previously to 1575. We know, too, that John Shakspeare was still occupying a copyhold house, with another of the same kind adjoining, as lately as in 1597, on which he paid rent to the lord of the manor amounting to thirteen pence, and sixpence per annum respectively. These were mud cottages; that is (as described by Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps) cottages with thatched roofs, supported by mud walls.\*

It appears, then, that William Shakspeare was not born in the house now shown to visitors as the birthplace, nor did he ever live in it. The guide-book, still in use at Stratford, makes the extraordinary assertion that the "history of this building is perfectly clear, so that the only argument that can be brought against it is, that the poet may not have been *actually* born there." When, some years ago, an American speculator (Mr. P. T. Barnum) undertook to buy the structure for transportation across the Atlantic, a Stratford newspaper announced that their local antiquaries would then be "likely to prove that the house never was Shakspeare's at all, and that the Yankees had bought a pig in a poke." And Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps, in view of the same contingency, also publicly declared that he would then gladly unite with others in showing that Shakspeare was born in some other part of the town. Who then can now doubt that this gentleman, after spending thirty years of his life in historical researches in and around

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\*In 1597 a small strip of this land in the occupancy of John Shakspeare was sold off and the manorial rental accordingly reduced for 13d. to 12d., at which sum it remained until William Shakspeare's death in 1616, at which time the property went to Joan Hart, still at the manorial rental of 12d. The lord of the manor to whom these estates belonged died in 1589. An inventory of his property, taken in the following year and still extant, shows that he possessed in Henley Street, thirty of these hovels on which the rental averages seven pence per annum.

Stratford, possessed special qualifications for making the following statement :

"Stratford-on-Avon under the management of its oligarchy, instead of being, as it ought to be, the centre of Shakspearean research, has become the seat of Shakspearean charlatanry."

—*From Edwin Reed's "The Truth concerning Stratford,"*  
&c.

### TO FRANCIS TUDOR.

Tears, like the dew drops on a dying rose,  
Or liquid pearls of rain, those tears of spring,  
Film, like a mist, the saddened eyes of those  
Remorseful lovers of that poet-king,  
About whose gifts we strive in vain to sing.  
New mysteries the passing years disclose,  
Crowning the name where hapless mem'ries cling,  
Immortal seer, whose secret time now shows.  
Spirit of Nature whom the Muse inspired,  
To thee alone was given celestial grace,  
Unhonoured is thy name, yet thou hast fired  
Dreams of the greatest singers of our race.  
Olympus is thy home, which gave thy genius birth:  
Right still shall reign in Heav'n, though not on earth.

C. W. HOPPER.

## BEN JONSON'S ALLUSION TO SHAKESPERE.

**M**ANY commentators have contended that the eulogy of the author of the "Shakespeare" plays by Jonson in the prefatory poems of the First Folio is indisputable proof that the actor of Stratford was the true author. The lines—

"Leave thee alone, for the comparison  
Of all, that insolent Greece or haughtie Rome  
Sent forth, or since did from their ashes come,"—

were evidently intended to allude to Bacon (as the concealed author), for, notwithstanding this trumpet-flourish, Jonson never uttered a word of grief or admiration when Shakspeare died, but in writing of Bacon (in *Discoveries*) after *his* death, he appraised him as so great a poet as to have produced that "which may be compar'd or preferr'd either to insolent *Greece* or haughty *Rome*." This obscurantism, so effectively practised by Jonson, was one of the necessities of concealed authorship, but revealing enough to those who have their wits about them.

The production of Jonson's comedy, "Every Man out of his Humour" in 1599—the very year in which the actor secured a grant of arms for some special reason never disclosed—gives us the real opinion of Shakspeare in Jonson's mind, for this play contains a scene in which Shakspeare is represented as Sogliardo, which is said to be the Italian for the filthiest possible name. The two other characters in the Scene (Act iii. sc. I.) are Puntarvolo, who, as his crest, being a *Boar*, must be taken to represent Bacon; and Carlo Buffone, a jester.

*Enter Sogliardo, Punt., Carlo.*

*Sog.*: Nay, I will have him, I am resolute for that, by this Parchment Gentlemen, I have been so toil'd among the Harrots [meaning Herald]s yonder, you will not believe, they doe speake i' the straungest language, and give a man the hardest termes for his money, that ever you knew.

## 206 Jonson's Allusion to Shakespere

*Car.*: But ha' you armes? ha' your armes?

*Sog.*: Y'faith, I thanke God I can write myselfe Gentleman now, here's my Pattent, it cost me thirtie pound by this breath.

*Punt.*: A very faire Coat, well charg'd and full of Armorie.

*Sog.*: Nay, it has as much varietie of colours in it, as you have seene a Coat have, how like you the Crest, Sir?

*Punt.*: I understand it not well, what is it?

*Sog.*: Marry Sir, it is your Bore without a head Rampant.

*Punt.*: A Bore without a head, that's very rare.

*Car.*: I, and Rampant too; troth I commend the Herald's wit, he has deciphered him well: a Swine without a head, without braine, wit, anything indeed, Ramping to Gentilitie. You can blazen the rest signior? can you not?

*Punt.*: Let the word be, *Not without mustard*, your Crest is very rare, sir.

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The "word" of Shakspeare's arms (that is, the motto) was "non sanz droict"—not without right—and the allusion is unmistakable.

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"If we wish to know the force of human genius, we should read Shakespeare. If we wish to see the insignificance of human learning, we may study his commentators."

*Hazlitt.*



## SHAKESPEARE AND BOHEMIA-BY-THE-SEA.

SHAKESPEARE in the "Winter's Tale," Act III., Sc. III., makes Antigonus say:

"Thou are perfect then, our ship hath touch'd upon  
"The deserts of Bohemia."

This is commonly quoted as a mark of the great ignorance of the writer of Shakespeare, but as usual it is the Critics, amongst whom was the late Dr. Israel Gollancz, who display their ignorance—it is the writer of the plays who possessed the knowledge.

Professor Freeman tells us that for a short time Bohemia extended from the Baltic to the Adriatic, and that Bohemia had not only one, but *two* seaboard.

In Vol. II., 1882 edition of his *Historical Geography of Europe*, Professor Freeman, on page 319, writes as follows:

"The first change was one which brought about for a moment from one side a union which was afterwards to be brought about in a more lasting shape from the other side. This was the annexation of Austria by the kingdom of *Bohemia*. That duchy had been raised to the rank of a kingdom, though of course without ceasing to be a fief of the Empire, a few years after the mark of Austria had become a duchy. The death of the last Duke of Austria of the Babenberg line led to a disputed succession and a series of wars, in which the princes of Bavaria, Bohemia, and Hungary all had their share. In the end, between marriage, conquest, and royal grant, Ottokar king of Bohemia obtained the duchies of Austria and Styria, and a few years later he further added Carinthia by the bequest of its Duke. Thus a new power was formed, by which several German states came into the power of a Slavonic king. The power of that king for a moment reached the Baltic as well as the Adriatic; for Ottokar carried his arms into Prussia, and became the founder of *Königsberg*.

## 208 "Who was Nathanael Carpenter?"

But this great power was but momentary. Bohemia and Austria were again separated, and Austria, with its indefinite mission of extension over so many lands, including Bohemia itself, passed to a house sprung from a distant part of Germany."

Tschamer, in the *Annals of the Bare-footed Friars* (1654) states that in 1481 "fourteen pilgrims, after being attacked by Corsairs, landed at Bohemia."

In Greene's *Pandosto* (1588) also, there is a passage:—"For it so happened that Egistus, King of Sicilia, who in his youth had been brought up with Pandosto, desirous to shew that neither tract of time nor distance of place could diminish their former friendship, provided a navy of ships and sailed into Bohemia."

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### WHO WAS "NATHANAEL CARPENTER?"

A rare book of 666 pages entitled "Geography Delineated forth in Two Bookes, containing the sphericall and Topicall Parts therof," by Nathanael Carpenter, "Fellow of Exceter Colledge in Oxford," and printed by John Lichfield and William Turner, for Henry Cripps, An. Dom. 1625, has the hall-marks of Francis Bacon on every page. The Dedicatory Epistle is addressed to "The Right Honourable William, Earle of Pembroke" as follows:—

"Right Honourable,

This poore Infant of mine, which I now offer to *Your Honourable* acceptance, was consecrated *Yours* in the first conception: If the hasty desire I had to present it, makes it (as an abortive brat) seeme unworthy my first wishes, and Your favourable Patronage; impute it (I beseech You) not to *Selfe will*, but *Duty*; which would rather shew herself too *officious*, then *negligent*. What I now dedicate rather to Your *Honour*, then mine owne *Ambition*, I desire no farther to be accompted *Mine*, then *Your* generous approbation: wishing it no other fate, then either to *dye* with Your Diskile, or *live* with Your Name and Memory. The generall acclamation of the Learned of this Age, acknowledging with all thankfull Duty, as well Your Love to *Learning*, as Zeale to *Religion*, hath long since stamp't me *Yours*. This arrogant Desire of mine, groundred more on *Your Heroick* vertues, then my privat ends, promised me more in *Your Honourable*

## “Who was Nathanael Carpenter?” 209

Estimation, then some others in Your Greatnesse. The expression of my selfe in these faculties beside my profession, indebted more to Love, then Ability, settis my Ambition a pitch higher then my Nature. But such is the Magnificent splendour of *Your* Countenance, which may easily lend *Your* poore Servant so much light as to lead him out of Darknesse; and, as the Sunne reflecting on the baser Earth, at once both view and guild his Imperfections. My language and formality I owe not to the *Court*, but *University*; whereof I cannot but expect *Your Honour* to be an impartiall Umpier, being a most vigorous *Member* of the one, and the *Head* of the other Corporation. If these fruites of my Labours purchase so much as *Your Honours* least Approbation, I shall hold my wishes even accomplished in their ends, and desire onely to be thought so worthy in *Your Honourable* esteeme, as to *live* and *dye*.

*Your Honours poore Servant  
to command*

NATHANAEL CARPENTER.”

The foregoing Dedication is headed with the well-known Double A ornament, and the whole work, divided into two books, is a most abstruse study of Geography in style similar to Bacon’s philosophical works. The anagrammatic acrostic B A C O N is at once conspicuous in the arrangement of lines on the title-page, and the Vesica impression reveals it as a Rosicrucian publication. Being a scarce and apparently little-known book to Baconians, we merely call attention to it.

## A NIGHT OUT AT GRAY'S INN.

What promised to be an interesting event to Baconians was the announcement that, under the auspices of the Gray's Inn Debating Society, one of our members, Mr. J. W. T. Cremlyn, would open, on June 19th, at 8 p.m., a debate on the question whether William Shakspeare of Stratford-on-Avon or Francis Bacon wrote the Great Plays. But, owing to an interminable wrangle between a noisy faction of the audience and the Chairman as to the detailed accuracy of the *Minutes* of the previous meeting (in which it seemed that a "rag" was "personal" to the Chairman, and not necessarily a tilt at adherents of the Bacon Authorship), it was nine of the clock before the opener of the debate had a chance to speak on the subject, which speech by the rules was strictly limited to twenty minutes!

The meeting listened attentively to the opener, who did as well as could be expected in the circumstances. He boldly affirmed that the man Shakspeare of Stratford-on-Avon was not the author of the Plays, and that Francis Bacon was. He said that the first part of this proposition might soon be disposed of, for it was obviously quite impossible for a man of his education—if indeed he had any—whose life was passed amongst the lower classes and whose occupations were mean and vulgar, to have written either the Plays or the Sonnets. If anything was clear it was that the author was an aristocrat, and no author could be named in this or any other country whose plays so consistently dealt with the affairs of the Courts of Europe, whose characters were so largely kings and queens, courtiers, and their attendants. Yet you are supposed to believe that this was possible in a man who from the age of 14 to 19 was a butcher's apprentice! You are asked to believe that this man suddenly emerged out of provincial Stratfordian obscurity, and, by a single bound, became master of the classical, legal, historical, geographical, and philosophical erudition found in these plays. Well might blunt John Bright exclaim—only a fool would believe it.

Shakspeare (as spelt in the Baptismal Register at Stratford) really never claimed to have written anything. The plays known as "Shake-speare's" (originally thus hyphenated) had been attributed to him by others, by ignorance or of set purpose. They were attributed to him, seven years after his death, by dedicatory verses in the First Folio of 1623, together with what was unquestionably a bogus portrait of the author, representing a man behind a mask. Included in this Folio were several new plays never heard of before, while many others had been so completely altered and revised as to be almost unrecognisable. You must also remember, said the speaker, that none of the Plays that had appeared previously, as by "William Shake-speare," bore that pseudonym whilst the actor Shakspeare was still on the stage. It was only after that time, and when he had returned to his native village, that even this pen-name had been used. They all had appeared anonymously up to that time.

Was it not curious, also, that there was not a single reference in these plays to Stratford? Was it not astounding (if this son of the soil were indeed the author) that there is little sympathy shewn for the masses—"beastly plebians," he called them?



When this great genius returned to Stratford he was never recognized as a man of letters. He passed the rest of his days in money-lending and small trading in malt, etc. He did not, presumably, possess a library or a book. In his Will (albeit he treated with any number of unimportant articles) no mention is made of books or manuscripts, nor any claim of copyright. What had become of these plays between 1616 (the year of Shakspeare's death) and 1623, when they were published in folio form? Who revised and rewrote many of these plays after his death?

It had been said that authors, being human, were prone in their writings to refer to places and circumstances with which they had been familiar. Yet, although Stratford is never mentioned, St. Albans (Bacon's home) is referred to no fewer than 23 times! Yorke Place and Gray's Inn were also mentioned. What had these places in common with the Stratford rustic?

Then, jottings found in Bacon's "Promus" (notebook) were to be found scattered through the plays. Such points are not to be swept away by reference to the word "genius." By the aid of genius a *cultured* student might, in the present days of Public Libraries and cheap literature, have acquired much learning, but in the days of Queen Elizabeth books were hard to come by, and still no one has yet been able to produce a scrap of evidence that Shakspeare could even read.

Finally, would a great literary genius conduct himself as he did? Would his death have passed unannounced, unsung, without a poem or elegy?

Francis Bacon did really possess the vast knowledge displayed in the Plays. Again and again we find sentences and phrases in his prose works almost identical with those in the Plays. He had travelled in Italy and France. They were the work of a nobleman, gifted, as Macaulay wrote, "with the most exquisitely constructed intellect ever bestowed upon the children of men."

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Dr. Gray, in opposing the motion, admitted at the outset that he did not profess to be an authority on this subject, the debating of which he hoped would not be taken seriously. It was only in relatively recent times that any doubt had been cast upon the traditional authorship. Had there been any room for question, the matter would surely have been discussed and settled at the time the plays were appearing, or at least on the publication of them, when they were published to the world as the works of Wm. Shakespeare. There was nothing inherently impossible in William Shakespeare being the author of them. Had he not been educated at the Stratford Grammar School? He had always understood that was so. Moreover, was it not a well-established fact that Shakespeare had at one time been a schoolmaster? Surely that was authentic. Might not the knowledge of law displayed in the plays have been gathered from conversations with his legal friends and acquaintances? The other side admitted that he was of a litigious disposition. His historical knowledge had doubtless been largely acquired from Hollingshead's Chronicles. The opener had said that the author was an aristocrat, but who had more intimately described the circumstances of the common people than the writer of the plays?

## 212 A Night Out at Gray's Inn

If Bacon wrote the Plays as well as the works admittedly his,—while, at the same time, being busily engaged in the study and pursuit of the law, he must have been a prodigiously busy man. And, if he did, why all the secrecy? Surely there was nothing in the achievement to be ashamed of. The only poem admittedly by Bacon was lacking in inspiration, and such parallel expressions as occur in the two authors he did not think sufficiently cogent to found upon them the assumption of identity of authorship. I confess to a feeling of annoyance, he said, at this belated attempt to take from Shakespeare the renown that belongs to him and to transfer it to the head of Sir Francis Bacon, a man whose genius was of an altogether different character. Shakespeare was his literary hero, and he protested at this attempt to rob him of the glory that is his. He hoped the House would share his indignation and give expression to it by voting against the motion.

Mr. Howard Bridgewater, in support of the motion, said:—

Mr. Gray's speech had clearly come, not from his head but his heart. He would deal with his points *seriatim*, in their reverse order. He had considerable sympathy with Mr. Gray. No one more than himself could have experienced a greater feeling of irritation when first he had been asked to contemplate Bacon as the author of the Plays. In the hope thereby of being better able to oppose that proposition, he studiously read the biographies of Shakespeare. But so far from strengthening his case he became hopelessly bewildered, for he found that the ponderous works of the late Sir Sidney Lee, Halliwell Phillips, and others, contained little more than a mass of irrelevant matter: that the actual *facts* known about Shakespeare could have been printed on a single page! Moreover, those facts were, without exception, discreditable, both to his character as a man and to the conception of him as the possible author of the Plays. In short, he had been forced by his own High Priests to see that he had been all along worshipping a false god! Shakespeare had been *assumed* to have attended the Stratford Grammar School, but no evidence was in existence that he ever did attend that school. But it was agreed that from the tender age of 14 onward he had been apprenticed to a local butcher, and if even he had attended the Grammar School he could not have learned much. But surely, he thought, he should be able to find correspondence between him and notabilities of his time, referring to his work, after he deserted his wife and family and came to London. But there could not be found a single letter from him to anyone, or to him from anyone, except one, asking for a loan. And every nook and cranny has been searched in vain to find some evidence that he was even able to write. Could it be possible that such a man as the author of the Plays could have lived without intercourse with intellectual friends? Yet no reference to the actor occurs in his lifetime except such as connect him with malt and money-lending, and with an attempt (happily abortive) to assist in enclosing certain common fields of his own village.

In 1600, he sued John Clayton for £7 and obtained judgment. He sued Philip Rogers for two shillings loaned and again obtained judgment. In 1604 he again sued Rogers for £1 15s. 10d. for malt sold to him, and in 1608 he prosecuted John Addenbroke and sued his surety Horneby. Referring to these sordid stories, Richard Grant White, in his "Life and Genius of Wm. Shakespeare,"

wrote:—"The pursuit of an impoverished man for the sake of imprisoning him and depriving him of the power of supporting himself and his family, is an incident in Shakespeare's life which it requires the utmost allowance and consideration for the practice of the time to enable us to contemplate with equanimity—satisfaction is impossible." And you are seriously asked to believe that a person of that type wrote:—

The quality of mercy is not strained;  
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven  
Upon the place beneath: it is twice blessed;  
It blesses him that gives and him that takes;

It is an attribute to God himself;  
And earthly power doth then shew likest God's,  
When mercy seasons justice.

Regarding Dr. Gray's remark that Shakspeare had at one time been a schoolmaster, Mr. Bridgewater offered to present him with £100 if he could furnish any evidence that he had. He said that Dr. Gray affected to belittle the *amazing* parallelisms of thought and expression, common to Bacon and 'Shakespeare,' and read out a number of the same, with which our readers are well familiar. He would like, he said, to answer other matters raised but unfortunately his time was up.

Then Mr. Crouch rose to support Dr. Gray and said that as most Baconians had started as Shakespeareans he had started in the reverse way. He had been converted by Donnelly's Great Cryptogram, and by applying it he quite easily proved the author of the Sonnets to be Rudyard Kipling (laughter). It had been said that the author of the Plays was very learned in law and other matters, but members in that room knew that the law in the *Merchant of Venice* was nonsense, and Bacon knew better. The reference of the author of the Plays to a 'sea-coast' at Bohemia was another instance of geographical ignorance.

It was then resolved (the hour being late) that a vote be taken on the issue. A good muster of Baconian friends had been invited and were anxious to take part in the debate. Then arose a further wrangle as to whether it was in order for visitors to so take part, and although it was shewn that the rules permitted, subject to the meeting's voting thereon, the privilege was ruled out. On the motion for the voting being proposed, a question was put if visitors might vote. But this was also voted down. Considering all this, the opener warmly protested against this evident discourtesy shewn by the majority to distinguished guests, and before the vote was put he asked the latter to leave the room, which they did in a body.

(As a sequel to the foregoing incident, Mr. T. W. Lloyd Hughes the Vice-President of the Debating Society, has written to the opener a personal letter of apology, deeply regretting "the most disgraceful conduct of certain members who for personal reasons broke up the debate." Not only he, but the President, the Hon. Secretary, and three members of the Committee of the Debating Society have tendered their resignations in order to show how strongly they feel in this matter.)

## THE ANNUAL DINNER.

About fifty ardent disciples of Francis Bacon, the great philosopher, poet and man of science, assembled at the Holborn Restaurant London, on Wednesday, January 22nd, and, at the call of Lady Sydenham of Combe, their Chairman, drank to his immortal memory.

The occasion was the annual dinner of the Bacon Society, held to commemorate the birthday of Francis Bacon of Gorhambury, and reputed by students of the cipher in the plays and sonnets to be the son of Queen Elizabeth by her secret marriage with the Earl of Leicester.

Lady Sydenham, in an erudite speech, proposed the toast of "The Immortal Memory," and in so doing classed Francis Bacon as the greatest man, statesman, poet, philosopher and world teacher that England has ever produced."

She paid a tribute also to the memory of the late Sir John Cockburn, to whom, she said, the Bacon Society was indebted for much encouragement and inspiration, and for the work that he accomplished for their cause. This would remain a lasting memory of him and of his hero Francis Bacon, and she hoped it would continue to inspire others to labour to disperse the cloud of falsehood and conflict which still obscured the noble character and the unparalleled achievements of the intellectual giant amongst pigmies whom they had met to commemorate.

Research in order to prove to obscurantists the obvious authorship of the Shakespeare plays and sonnets must continue, and no opportunity to place indisputable facts before the public—so far as the Press would permit—should be lost. They must not neglect to clear the character of Bacon from the unworthy aspersions which continued to appear. (Hear, hear.) Was their cause progressing? She thought it was, if but slowly. She felt confident that, in the long run, full justice would be dealt out to Francis Bacon alike as man and

### STAR OF POETS.

(Applause.)

The toast of "The Bacon Society" was submitted, in an earnest speech, by Mr. H. Nickson, who declared that ninety-nine-and-a-half per cent. of the people who read the plays of Shakespeare cared nothing about their authorship. They said: "We have got the plays; what more do you want?" They were quite satisfied. The Society was, therefore, unable to cut much ice, unless they could get some support in the Press. That was what they really wanted. How they were going to get it, he really did not know. He expressed a strong belief in the significance of the ciphers, and in regard to the lost MSS., he stated that in a well-known work, attributed by some to Bacon ("Don Quixote"), the author declared that church sepulchres and monuments were the best places in which to preserve MSS. for posterity. Mr. Nickson therefore suggested that possibly some of Bacon's MSS. might be secreted in the wall at the back of the monument to him at St. Albans, or in the crypt at Gorhambury, which, he said, looked as if they might have been tampered with on more than one occasion,

The response to the toast, on behalf of the Society, was entrusted



to Mr. J. W. T. Cremlyn, who declared that, as a lawyer, he could not, for the life of him, believe that the author of the plays could know what he knew about law if he was Mr. Shakspeare, the butcher's son of Stratford-on-Avon. The man who wrote those plays was permeated with English law. He could have nothing to do with the ciphers, because he was a "baby" in this matter, and it was not safe for a "baby" to bathe in deep waters. But, quite apart from the ciphers, as a very ordinary lawyer and a believer in common sense—and small fees—(laughter)—he asked how it was that, in his plays, Shakespeare wrote nothing about his home, the times, position, situations and environments in which he found himself. How came it that a man, coming from the peasant ranks, never mentioned a word about Stratford-on-Avon in one single Shakespearean play? That, quite apart from the cipher, was sufficient to satisfy him that Shakspeare never wrote one single word of those plays. St. Albans was mentioned twenty-three times in the plays. Gray's Inn and York Place were mentioned. Was there anybody outside a lunatic asylum who would believe that the author of the plays, who had written "knowledge is the wings on which we fly to heaven," would never have seen that his own daughter was taught to read and write, instead of having to make a cross for signature on her marriage? There was abundant evidence that Bacon was one of the greatest poets, a man of great genius, a man of letters and intellect and also one of the greatest patriots this country had ever known, using his intellect in the defence of his country at a great crisis in its history; and he went so far as to say he believed his spirit was hovering around them at this time when the Five-Power Naval Conference was taking place, which might have such vital effects upon the future history of the Dominions of the Crown, which Bacon loved so well in his day and generation.

The toast of "The Guild of Francis St. Alban" was proposed by the Rev. E. F. Udney.

Miss Durning Lawrence, President of the Guild, in the course of a particularly modest reply, caused those present to roar with laughter as she described a conversation with a friend on the Bacon—Shakespeare controversy. "I don't see why Shakespeare should not have written the plays," said the friend. "At the Stratford Grammar School he learnt Latin and Greek and Science, just as they do at the Secondary Schools to-day."

Miss Alicia Leith, the Hon. Secretary of the League, also responded in a speech of characteristic felicity.

Mr. Hall-Reid, replying for "The Visitors," proposed by Mr. H. Bridgewater, described an imaginary interview with Lord Verulam (Francis Bacon) at a casual meeting at Somerset House. He imagined, he said, that he asked Bacon whether, considering his desire for anonymity, he approved of the present attempts to prove that he had written the plays attributed to Shakespeare. "Not at all," replied the Sage of Verulam, "the very attempt to prove that I have written them will arouse a great opposition and, consequently, my anonymity will be preserved for ever." (Laughter.)

The toast of "The Officers of the Society," proposed by Mr. B. G. Theobald, was acknowledged by Mr. Henry Seymour (Hon. Secretary), by whom the arrangements for the dinner were very efficiently made.

## BOOK REVIEWS.

DER WAHRE WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE. By LUDWIG MATHY.  
Franzmathes-verlag, Frankfurt a.M. 1929.

Herr Mathy is a thorough-going Baconian, and likewise a believer in the theory of Francis Bacon's royal parentage and in the bi-literal cipher story. In the little book under review he makes only occasional reference to the man of Stratford, and devotes himself to following out, in chronological sequence, the life of the true author, together with the dates of production of the various "Shake-speare" and Bacon works. In the course of this he points out many instances in which the facts of Bacon's own life provide material for much that is to be found in the dramas, and how everything points to Gray's Inn, Twickenham or St. Albans rather than to Stratford as the birth-place of these dramas.

Herr Mathy has evidently made a close study of the subject, and within the compass of some 50 pages has condensed a large amount of historical detail concerning the part played by Bacon and his associates in those eventful times, thus making quite an interesting biography, apart from the immediate problems of authorship. This should be valuable to those of his compatriots who are not familiar with the life of the great Chancellor. A few inaccuracies have crept in; for example, where the parents of the Stratford rustic are spoken of as having been raised to the dignity of Sir John and Lady Shakespeare; also where 1586 is given without hesitation as the date of composition of *Love's Labour's Lost*, whereas the actual date is not ascertained and is, we believe, never given as earlier than 1589. But these are small matters and do not affect the main argument.

Our author makes a novel suggestion when he says that Bacon chose the title of Baron Verulam, not only for its associations with his home, but because the name itself can be derived from the Latin *veru*, a spear or javelin, and the English root *lam*, meaning to thrash or beat or shake; so that *Verulam* has a similar signification to "Shake-speare." One may doubt whether this hybrid derivation is permissible, but the idea is interesting nevertheless. Altogether Herr Mathy has made a very useful contribution to German literature on the subject.

B.G.T.

LIGHT ON THE TRUE SHAKESPEARE. By A. M. VON BLOMBERG.  
Cloth, gilt, 138 pp., illustrated. Christopher Publishing  
House, 1140, Columbus Avenue, Boston, Mass., U.S.A.  
2 dollars 50c.

The authoress points out that this work is the result of 30 years' study of the literary and historical research into the Bacon-Shakespeare controversy. Part 2 is to follow later, the aim of which will be to clear Bacon's character from the vituperations of his traducers which are found to have no foundation in fact, being based only on envy, jealousy, and designed misrepresentations to divert inquiry into the real aims of the "master-mind" of the Elizabethan renaissance of literature and art. The present volume, which is profusely illustrated, is headed with a Frontispiece portrait of Bacon, surrounded by a frame containing the symbols of Comedy and Tragedy, and which purports to be a *facsimile* reproduction of a picture of ancient origin. It would

be interesting to know the precise date of the original, as it speaks so plainly to those who are not purblind. The authoress brings much convincing evidence forward of the authorship of the Great Plays and Poems by Bacon, and gives sympathetic consideration to the various cyphers which have led students so far in corroboration of the real facts of Elizabethan history, facts suppressed by the orthodox historians, but of whose existence were never suspected until these cyphers were disclosed. The book is admirably printed.

THE MAGIC RING OF FRANCIS BACON. By WALTER CONRAD ARENSBERG. 1712, Oliver Building, Pittsburgh, Penn., U.S.A.

The author claims to have discovered a cryptographic revelation that Bacon was descended from Edward, Prince of Wales, son of Henry VI; was the heir of the House of Lancaster, and pretender to the English Throne; that he was an illegitimate son of Sir William Butts, eldest son of Sir William Butts, Physician to Henry VIII, and Lady Anne Bacon. "Though he is reputed to have been childless," says the author, "Bacon had a son whose identity was concealed by the device of having him adopted into the family of the Pagets of Beaudesert. . . . In addition to concealing the identity as the illegitimate son of Sir William Butts . . . and as the father of an illegitimate son, Bacon concealed his identity as an author by the device of using for a pseudonym the name of William Shakespeare. . . . Contrary to the supposition that he is buried in St. Michael's Church at St. Albans, Bacon is buried, together with his mother, in the Chapter House of Lichfield Cathedral, at the spot which is marked by the Chapter House Chimney and the stain on the Chapter House floor."

From this extraordinary pronouncement we are told that "the re-union of Bacon and his mother in the secret grave in the Lichfield Chapter House is to be understood in the light of the symbolism of re-birth, as expressed in the religious mysteries of antiquity, both pagan and Christian, and as implied in the conversation between Christ and Nicodemus, *John III.*" That the author is deeply versed in the mysteries of symbolism is apparent from a close reading of this book, but whether his major premise is to be substantiated by any shew of tangible evidence is another matter.

H.S.

REPORT ON THE POET SHAKESPEARE'S IDENTITY SUBMITTED TO THE TRUSTEES OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM. With extracts from the Correspondence. By J. DENHAM PARSONS, and published by the Author, at 45, Sutton Court Road, Chiswick, W. 1s. 6d.

By persistent efforts of the author, he has at length induced the British Museum Library authorities to give recognition to the remarkable set of numerical coincidences that are to be found in the Poems and Plays of "Shakespeare," and which point clearly to the conclusion that the ascribed author's name "Shakespeare" is a pen-name of Francis Bacon. Historical precedent for such interchange of figures and letters (for names) is given from the New

Testament, *Rev.* XIII., 17-18—"the number of his name . . . Six hundred three score and six," which the author points out is precisely the number of letters occurring in the Dedication of the First Folio, the poems "Lucrece," and "Venus and Adonis," as possibly supplying a hint to the solution of the true, but obviously concealed, name of the author. From this, a most elaborate set of deductions are drawn, as well as accompanying references made to contemporary authors in which the Stratford Shakspeare is derided, and shown not to have been an author. The pamphlet is, indeed, so full of extraordinary numerical coincidences, all pointing to Bacon as author, that we cannot pretend to give more than a notice of it, but recommend our readers to procure the pamphlet itself, for close study and consideration.

## ANSWERS TO QUERIES.

R. L. HEINIG.—The first use of the name Spenser as author appears to be in the ascription to the First Part of the "Fairy Queen," 1589-90. The pen-name, "Immerito," attached to "The Shepheard's Calender" and other pieces was undoubtedly a cover for Spenser, as, after Spenser's death, the Folio edition of works ascribed to him included "The Shepherd's Calender." Spenser, like Shakspeare, probably never wrote a line of poetry.

INQUIRER.—Edmund, father of John Dudley, who became Earl of Warwick in the next reign, and Duke of Northumberland under Edward VI., was father of eight sons, among whom were Lord Guildford Dudley (who married Lady Jane Grey) and Lord Robert, Elizabeth's favourite.

J. BARNES.—The "cap of maintenance" in heraldry or emblemology was one of the regalia granted by the Popes to the Sovereigns of England. It was at one time called the "cap of state." It was carried before the monarch at the Coronation and on other important occasions, but in modern times this honour was granted to private families.

PUZZLED.—Both New Place, Stratford-on-Avon, and the Blackfriars property (Silver Street) were owned by Bacon's relatives before the actor (Shakspeare) resided there. The documentary proofs are available.

F. JONES.—John Selden was one of Bacon's "good pens," as you surmise. We have a copy of a letter from him to Francis Bacon, dated from the Temple, 1621 (Aug. 20) in which he reports some citations he had copied from the commission for levying the benevolence of *Henry VII.*, and other matters, according to "your lordship's" request.

CYPHER.—Mr. Thos. Phillips, of Gray's Inn, was the recognized cypher expert at the time of Elizabeth, and decoded the treasonable letters of Mary Stuart, which led to her execution. That he was closely attached to Francis Bacon is certain, as some contemporary correspondence reveals.



# CORRESPONDENCE.

JOHN BUNYAN.

TO THE EDITORS OF BACONIANA.

Sirs,—John Bunyan (1628-'88), an uneducated man, wrote, after his conversion in 1653, some five dozen religious treatises with plain titles, but his literary reputation rests on three chief works, "The Pilgrim's Progress," "Grace Abounding" and "The Holy War."

The first of these has been dealt with in your issues for 1929, and the conjecture then advanced that he was not the author of that work may well be applied to the others.

Professor Baillie, in an article on "The Mind of Bunyan," in the *Hibbert Journal* for April, 1929, states in regard to the writer that he had a "Miltonic sweep and strength of imagination, mastery of language and imagery, exquisite style of expression, an astonishing memory, keen intelligence, shrewd judgment, and a marvellous and penetrating insight into the inner workings of the human mind" which made him "a master-artist in the portrayal of human character." These terms are appropriate to Bacon, and afford strong internal evidence to the authorship of the works. The writer admits that what we know of Bunyan could be placed on "a few pages of narrative." He says: "No one knows when or where he acquired his mastery of English speech." "His associates were mainly unlettered men and women of simple and lowly lives," and "He does not seem to have read more than half a dozen books in his life: the Bible, Book of Common Prayer, Fox's Book of Martyrs, a Treatise on the Galatians," and two others.

His name was appropriately given to "Grace Abounding" after the work had been adapted to his mode of life from 1648 to 1653. The full title indicated the author, the number of letters being 33, and the numerical value of the capital letters G A C S, in Rt, 100.

The full title of the "Holy War" is strangely different to the plain titles of the treatises. The word "Shaddai" (The Almighty) is not to be found, in its Hebrew form, in the Bible. The numerical values of the full titles, in the following cabalas: Simple (S), Kay (K), Reversed (R), Reversed 5 to right and 6 to left (Rt), Trithemius ditto (Tt), give the following curious results:—

*Grace Abounding to the Chief of Sinners.* Values: S 325, K 819, R 500, Rt 769, Tt 771.

325=33 55 54 62 121 (S) Bacon penned this work at-Gray's-Inn.  
=39 18 64 27 177 (S) F-Bacon's penname is William-Shakespeare.

819=111 311 96 133 106 62 (K) Bacon Viscount-St-Alban alone penned this work.

=280 53 183 143 18 142 (K) W-Shakespeare is Lord-Bacon St-Alban's penname.

500=165 194 95 46 (R) Lord-F-Bacon Viscount-St-Alban penned this.

T =17 172 23 92 759 19 111 (R) Wm Shakespeare is Bacon's  
G mask or penname.

769=92 194 95 46 38 129 175 (R) Bacon Viscount-St-Alban penned this work at-Gray's-Inn and-he-alone.

=172 23 43 59 19 111 30 231 81 (R) Shakespeare is one mask or penname of Sir-Francis-Bacon alone.

771=111 70 126 133 106 225 (K) Bacon and he-only penned this at-Gray's-Inn.

=259 53 27 142 46 72 111 61 (K) Shakespeare is a penname of Lord Bacon only.

*The Holy War made by Shaddai upon Diabolus.* Values: S 360, K 828, R 515, Rt 873, Tt 843.

360=57 132 55 54 62 (S) Fra-Bacon Lord-Verulam penned this work.

=32 31 64 20 44 39 27 103 (S) The chief penname of Sir F-Bacon is Shakespeare.

828=106 62 61 282 92 225 (K) This work only Francis-Bacon writ at-Gray's-Inn.

=259 53 84 142 46 72 111 61 (K) Shakespeare is the penname of Lord Bacon only.

515=74 194 34 46 38 129 (R) Fra-B Viscount-St-Alban writ this work at-Gray's-Inn.

=172 23 54 108 92 7 59 (R) Shakespeare is Lord Francis Bacon's mask.

873=231 194 95 46 60 129 118 (R) Sir-Francis-Bacon Viscount-St-Alban penned this book at-Gray's-Inn he-alone.

=143 143 95 43 97 28 179 69 76 (R) Fra-Bacon Lord-Verulam penned the dramas in Shakespeare's name he-only.

843=72 282 92 106 66 225 (K) Lord Francis-Bacon writ this book at-Gray's-Inn.

=411 53 27 67 46 143 96 (K) William-Shakespeare is a mask of F-Bacon alone.

Yours truly,

Torquay.

R. L. HEINIG.

### WHO WAS PRIMANDAYE?

TO THE EDITORS OF BACONIANA.

Sirs,—Connected with an article—"Mere Feathers"—by J.R. of Gray's Inn, there is a note by the Editor of BACONIANA, January and April, 1917, saying he found the five feathers, just as on the Folio, in a book called: *French Academy* (London, Thomas Adams.)

The four books into which it is divided are:

1. Institutions of Manners and Callings of all Estates.
2. Concerning the Soul and Body of Man.
3. A Notable description of the whole World.
4. Christian Philosophy instructing the true and only means to Eternal Life.

It came out in France in 1578, and was said to be by Peter de la Primandaye.

An English translation of 1613 was found to be very different from the French book. No record was known of Primandaye. Soon after reading this, I came across two references to Primandaye in an old edition of Sir Thomas More's "Utopia," printed in London in 1808 by William Bulmer and translated by Rev. T. F.

Dibdin,—it was the Ralph Robinson, A.D. 1551 translation—and the references were in notes on pages 143 and 293, as follows:—

"The foregoing passage is written very much in the spirit of the 'Epistle to the Reader,' prefixed to the Second Part of Primandaye's French Academie, Lond. 4to. 1605, and probably gave rise to many sentiments conveyed in that ponderous performance. Then it speaks also of Boiastuan's book—'Theater or Rule of the World,' saying:—I suspect that Burton, author of 'The Anatomy of Melancholy,' was intimately acquainted with Boiastuan's curious book, and recommends it to the antiquarian reader. The note on page 293 is—'But I entreat the reader to examine (if he be fortunate enough to possess the book) *The French Academy of Primandaye*.'"

A work written in a style of peculiarly impressive eloquence—and which, not very improbably, was the foundation of Derham's and Paley's Natural Theology. The simple cypher of *De La Primandaye* is 121=Francis Bacon, Hid.

This may be interesting to "J.R." of Gray's Inn, and sounds as if Primandaye had his book in the style of Sir Thomas More's books.

MABEL COMSTOCK.

## TWO BACONIAN PALINDROMES.

TO THE EDITORS OF BACONIANA.

Sirs,—William Stone Booth, in his "Subtle, Shining Secrecies," finds a bi-lingual palindrome in the first four lines of *Richard III*.

"Now is the winter of our discontent  
Made glorious summer by this SON OF YORK  
And all the clouds that low'r'd upon our HOUSE  
In the deep bosom of the ocean buried.  
Now are our brows bound as with victorious wreaths;  
Our bruised arms hung up for monuments;  
Our stern alarums changed to merry meetings."

Mr. Booth explains in that book as he explained to me personally one day at his office before he died, that the palindrome NOMAI reading downwards is French for "My name is," and reading up is Spanish, IAMON, for BACON.

I attended the Boston, Mass., Repertory Theatre performance of *Twelfth Night* yesterday, and for the first time found, through analogy with the above (which I do not find in Mr. Booth's books nor have I ever seen it anywhere else), a very plausible explanation of the lines where Malvolio says 'MOAI sways his life' and adds that 'there is no consonance in the sequel' which suggests the omission of the consonant "Nm" with which MOAI has all the letters of the *Richard III*. palindrome, above cited.

HAROLD S. HOWARD.

Cambridge, Mass., U.S.A.

P.S.—Referring to the Palindrome in *Twelfth Night*, and its similarity to the one in *Richard III*, let me explain that the way Mr. Booth figures it is that NOMAI is French for "my name is" as follows: I and J are one letter in the alphabet cipher. That allows for an I and a J, and that enables us to form the sentence J'a nom.—H.S.H.

## THE SHAKESPEARE BUST.

TO THE EDITORS OF BACONIANA.

Sirs,—May I bring to your attention a curious inaccuracy, in a recent contribution to Shakespeareana, concerning the bust of the Shakespeare Memorial in Stratford Church?

Facing p. 75 of Mr. Edgar I. Fripp's "Shakespeare's Stratford" (Oxford University Press: 1928) is a photograph of the existing bust, above the description, "The Bust, 1616." Such an error on the part of the author is inexcusable, for Mr. Fripp, one of the Trustees of Shakespeare's Birthplace and an authority on Stratford, should be familiar with Dugdale's "Antiquities of Warwickshire" (1656), if not with Rowe's "Life of Shakespeare" (1709), both of which contain an engraving of the original Stratford Monument, with the bust very different from the one we see there to-day. And when we find the author referring to Dugdale in a footnote on p. 1, his statement becomes more than an inexcusable mistake, and savours of the deliberate.

Yours faithfully,  
P. J. DONNELLY.

The Wireless Station,  
Stony Hill,  
Jamaica.

## WAS BACON LABEO AND WATSON BACON?

TO THE EDITORS OF BACONIANA.

Sirs,—In the book entitled "IS IT SHAKESPEARE," by An Undergraduate of Cambridge (Revd. W. BEGLEY), the author reasons that a character named LABEO by Bishop J. HALL, in his Satires (1597), Bk. II., Sat. I., where he upbraids him for the impurity of his writings:

"For shame, write cleanly LABEO, or write none,"

is but a nick-name for FRANCIS BACON. The author also quotes MARSDEN'S "PIGMALION'S IMAGE" (1598) appendix:

"So LABEO did complain his love was stone,

OBDURATE, FLINTY, so REMORSELESS none."

which he compares with a line in SHAKESPEARE'S "VENUS AND ADONIS" (199-200):—

"Art thou OBDURATE, FLINTY, hard as steel,  
Nay, more than flint, for stone at rain relenteth."

"VENUS AND ADONIS" was licensed early in 1593 and about the same time and date appeared T. WATSON'S "TEARS OF FANCIE," the only known copy of which is the BRITWELL, and that is incomplete, stanzas 9 to 16 missing. This work was reprinted by ED. ARBER (1870). I have not heard or seen that it has been commented on as much as might have been done. Had the Revd. BEGLEY been aware of it, I think he would certainly have referred to the last line of stanza 38, which reads:—

"For she's OBDURATE, STERNE, REMORSELESS,  
FLINTIE."

as this so closely equates itself with the two lines above quoted.



We therefore have two authors, SHAKESPEARE and WATSON, early in 1593, producing two separate works, in each of which occurs a line that practically duplicates. This raises the question: Did MARSTON mimic SHAKESPEARE or WATSON? Bearing date in mind, it seems hardly probable that the two authors named copied from each other's work before production, even if the MSS. had been current in literary circles. The family likeness of the lines is such that the whole question of their authorship is raised. As both poems appeared and were in vogue at the same time, is it not probable MARSDEN may have been well aware that the ostensible authors were but pen-names for another quite different personage, the real author of both works, "TEARS of FANCIE" and "VENUS and ADONIS?"

WATSON'S life, like that of others of his time, is not well known to us. One muses over the fact that GILBERT WATS was the name given as the person who interpreted the Latin into the English "ADVANCEMENT of LEARNING" (1640). The consonantal value of G. L. B. R. T. is: 7. II. 2—17—19, which added together give 56, and that number is the numerical value of

F. R. B. A. C. O. N.

6. 17. 2. 1. 3. 14. 13=56,

and if we use one of the cryptograms expounded by TRITHEMIUS, namely, transposing W. A. T. S. O. N.

Five places to the right: C. F. B. A. T. S.—1

and six places to left: O. R. N. M. H. G.—2,

the following letters result: C. F. B. A. T. S. O. R. N. M. H., which, properly ordered, give: M.-F. R.-B. A. C. O. N.-G. H. o. S. T. Taken alone WATS gives: M-FR-BACON (Vex not his ghost: O, let him pass!—*King Lear*, v. 3).

Yours truly,

ALEX. G. MOFFAT.

Swansea.

### "A HORN UPON HIS HEAD."

TO THE EDITORS OF BACONIANA.

Dear Sirs,—While reading, recently, a little-known book, "The History of the Cardinals" (1670), being the Englished version of "The Cardinalismo di Santa Chiesa," by the Italian Historian, Gregorio Leti, I came across the following passage in connection with internal disputes in the Church:—

"Nor is there any Schism, not only more scandalous, but ridiculous in the Church, than that betwixt the Conventual Fathers of the Order of St. Francis and the Cappuchins, and for what great business? (I speak these things to Foreigners, for those that live in Italy, have them hourly before their eyes.) For I know not what Devil with a horn. The Cappuchins will needs have it that St. Francis wore a cap *with a horn upon his head*; the Conventuals on the other side will have it a Hood or Cappuce like theirs," &c.

It struck me at once; where had I seen those words "with a horn upon his head"? Why, in *Love's Labour Lost*, to be sure: Act v., Sc. 1, where the Pedant and the Boy are trying to score off each other.

*Page.* What is Ab speld backward with a horn on his head?

*Ped.* Ba, pueritia, with a horne added.

*Page.* Ba most seely Sheepe, with a horne: you heare his learning.

*Ped.* Quis quis, thou Consonant?  
and so on. (Folio.)

Now, Sir Edwin Durning-Lawrence, in his "Bacon is Shakespeare," p. 104, says that the reply of the Pedant—"Ba, pueritia, with a horne added," should, of course, have been in Latin. The Latin for a horn is cornu. The real answer therefore is, "Bacon-u-fool."

I am bound to say I never was very greatly impressed by this suggested solution, as it seemed hardly up to the standard of Bacon's marvellous ingenuity, and I venture to think that, if we are looking for "Francis Bacon" in this, apparently, meaningless colloquy, we have a much more reasonable clue to identity in this *Franciscan* device of "a horn on his head," than in playing on the word "cornu."

If the patter signifies anything at all, this meaning seems to emerge:—

"Ab spelled backward with a horn on his head" amounts to "Francis Ba—" and three lines lower, the extraordinary epithet "Consonant," with a capital C, catches the eye, as though provided for the express purpose, otherwise why so inexplicable a word?

The play on the "vowels" in the following lines may well have been purposely supplied to cover the use of so remarkable and suspicious a word as "Consonant."

As as explanations of this curious dialogue must, of necessity, be conjectural, one is possibly as good as another, and I offer mine for what it is worth—and no more!

And, while indulging one's fancy and trying to extract some meaning from this passage, one might as well let it play for a moment on the word "pueritia."

This is usually regarded as addressed contemptuously to the "Boy," but why "Pueritia" and not "Puer?"

"Pueritia," according to our old friend Dr. Smith, means "Childhood, boyhood, youth, innocence"—a quality, not a personal adjective, as one might use "innocent"—and, as such, somewhat inappropriate in this connection—if one can talk of appropriateness in such an apparent jumble of nonsense.

But—there is a second and independent meaning given by Smith in his Larger Dictionary, viz., "the first beginnings, commencement," and of which he gives a classical instance of its use.

As we are looking for "double-meanings," this alternative signification is worth attention, and, adopting it—tentatively—we seem to discern:—

"Ba, commencement, with Francis added," and then we get the "termination" Con in "Consonant." Possibly, more ingenious than convincing!

As to "quis quis," who knows but that this also may be "teeming with hidden meaning," like Gilbert's famous word "Basing-stoke"!

Your readers, however, will probably think that I have indulged

my fancy far enough already, and, as Dr. Smith does not come to our aid in the matter of double-meanings of this phrase, I would prefer to leave conjecture to others.

Yours faithfully.

H. KENDRA BAKER.

(Sent to but not published by "*The Times*.")

"SHAKESPEARE'S LEGAL PROBLEMS."

The Editor, *The Times*,

Dear Sir,—In a recent issue you review the above book by Mr. Geo. W. Keeton. The object of this work, apparently, is to endeavour to reconcile the amazing legal knowledge displayed in "*Shakespeare*" with the lack of such knowledge in the alleged author.

In order to achieve this Mr. Keeton has, of course, to address himself to the thankless and unworthy task of endeavouring to show that there is something faulty with the legal knowledge displayed in "*Shakespeare*." It was ever thus! So long as people will not realise that Mr. Wm. Shaxpur, of Stratford-upon-Avon, had nothing to do with the writing of the immortal Plays, all the knowledge exhibited in them must perforce be detracted, written down, to bring it within the possible compass of the "dummy" author.

After devoting painful hours to this graceless task the best Mr. Keeton can do is to arrive at the conclusion that "*Shakespeare* was not a *technical* lawyer" though, he says, it is clear enough that, with the aid of discussions with his lawyer friends (which friends?), "he was able to place in dramatic form many of the international, constitutional, and purely legal problems of his own time."

One sees, of course, that Mr. Keeton cannot allow the law in "*Shakespeare*" to be good sound technical law, as it would be too much to ask us to swallow the idea that without a long legal education such knowledge would be possible of attainment by the putative author. Hence these tears! But what do they avail? Have we not still the fact that such eminent jurists as Lord Chief Justice Campbell, Lord Penzance, the late Sir Geo. Greenwood, K.C., in this country, and Franklyn Fisk Heard and Herr Rechtanswalt, Dr. E. Fleischhauer and others, in, respectively, America and Germany, state emphatically and without equivocation that the legal allusions in "*Shakespeare*" are such that only a practising lawyer of long standing and experience could have written them?

Mr. Keeton's book is, therefore, I fear me, another case of "*Love's Labours' Lost*."

Yours very truly,

H. BRIDGEWATER (*Bar-at-Law*).

## LECTURE REPORTS.

The following lectures were delivered at Canonbury Tower, under the auspices of the Bacon Society:—On February 6th Miss Alicia A. Leith gave a most interesting address entitled "Of Montaigne's Diary," which was well attended and called forth a great deal of valuable comment and information.

On March 6th, Mr. Henry Seymour gave "Reminiscences of Canonbury Tower," in which some unexpected and new material was brought forth, notably a suggestion that Miss Elizabeth Spenser, the daughter and heiress of Sir John Spenser, the Lord Mayor of London and Elizabethan owner of Canonbury Tower, was *de facto* a daughter of Queen Elizabeth. A contemporary document was read in support of the suggestion, as well as several incidents being cited from historical papers as tending to confirm it.

On April 3rd, Miss Mabel Sennett read a closely reasoned paper on "As You Like It," which led to a deal of discussion in support of her psychological interpretation of the characters and *motif* of the play.

On May 1st, Mr. Lewis Biddulph gave "Some Notes on the Rosicrucians," in which the connection of Francis Bacon was shewn with that body.

On June 5th, Mr. Henry Seymour again filled in a gap by a lecture, "Pioneers in the Mine of Truth," in which the lives of those earnest thinkers from Delia Bacon downwards, who had suffered abuse and scorn for upholding the truth about the now world-famous controversy, were graphically described, with their respective contributions to the subject, and which was considered to be of much educational value.

And on July 3rd, Mr. J. W. T. Cremlyn (Barrister-at-Law) spoke on "The Two Sides of the Bacon-Shakespeare question," which elicited a good discussion. The lecturer gave, in a narrative way, the historically established facts in the lives and activities of the two men and showed that Bacon *could* have written the Plays but the Stratford butcher-boy, known as Shakspeare, could *not*. He questioned whether any but a Law Chancellor could have been the author, on account of the numerous intricate problems of law which are treated in the Plays with a facility impossible to anyone not directly occupied in the law and deeply versed in its subtleties.

As August is our vacation month, the lectures will be resumed in September. The meeting in that month is to be an open one for members and visitors, as a sort of *Conversazione*. This will take place on September 4th. Time of meetings 7-20 p.m.

On October 2nd, Mr. Horace Nickson will lecture on the authorship of *Don Quixote*, and on November 6th, Miss Alicia A. Leith will present a paper on "The Drama." Mr. Howard Bridgewater (Barrister-at-Law) has promised a paper for the December meeting.



## NOTES AND NOTICES.

In his book on "Parallelisms" Mr. Edwin Reed made an excellent point of the identity of Bacon and "Shakespeare," in noting that not only were there multitudes of similar phrases and identical expressions to be found in the works of both, but that the errors of one had also their counterpart in the other. He gave the well-known instance of a quotation from Aristotle, which was really a misquotation. In Bacon's *Advancement of Learning* (1605)—"Is not the opinion of Aristotle . . . to be regarded wherein he saith that young men are no fit auditors of moral philosophy?" In "Shakespeare's" *Troilus and Cressida*—

"Unlike young men, whom Aristotle thought  
Unfit to hear moral philosophy."

What Aristotle really wrote was that young men are unfit to study *Political Philosophy*. And this is his *Nicomachean Ethics*, i. 8. He clearly observed the distinction between morals and politics (as it is now usual to distinguish between law and equity in the Courts), and it has been pointed out before that the said misquotation, although made by Bacon and "Shakespeare" alike, was also made a quarter of a century before Bacon was born by Erasmus, in his "Colloquia Familiari" (1526). That Bacon was acquainted with the writings of Erasmus there is no doubt whatever, as in Bacon's *Promus* may be found a number of quotations from that source.

Owing to our restricted facilities for housing back numbers of *BACONIANA*, it has become necessary to take measures for their dispersal or destruction. These numbers contain a vast amount of research and valuable information, and it would be little less than vandalism to consign them to the waste-paper heap. As many nearly complete sets as possible have been put together and stored, but there are very many additional numbers, bearing various dates, which are calculated to be useful to members for distribution to inquirers, and parcels of a dozen copies, assorted, will be sent to any member on request for the nominal sum of one shilling, exclusive of postage, 9d. This is a rare opportunity, and early application for copies should be made.

From Franzmathes Publications, Frankfort a/M, we have received information that a new German *Baconiana* will shortly appear at 50 Pfenning a copy. Amongst the contributors will be Herr Ludwig Mathy (the Editor), Herr Alfred Weber, Prof. Fest, Dr. Wanschura, Dr. Fleischhauer, Felix H. Bruns, Baron von Blomberg, Frau Deventer von Kunow, and the Weimer Bacon Group, whose president is Dr. Forster-Nietsche (sister of the world-famed philosopher). With such an array of distinguished contributors the success of the latest venture ought to be assured. Those of our readers who are able to read German should procure the first number. Remittances should be sent to the editorial office, Handschuhsheimer, Landstr. 49a, Heidelberg, Germany. English Baconians warmly welcome the new periodical and wish it a long and useful life.

In Catalogue No. 364 recently issued by Messrs. P. J. and A. E. Dobell, of 77, Charing Cross Road, W.C.2, there is listed a rare book, offered at 42s., "A Discourse Concerning the Character of a Man of Genius," dated 1715. It is interesting to Baconians as the following passages occur in it:—"Such Prodigies of Wit were Homer, Aristotle, and Tully among the Ancients; and among the Moderns: Erasmus, Grotius, Sir Francis Bacon, and Sir Isaac Newton, who lives the Glory of this Age, and will be the Admiration of Posterity." Writing of authors: "Our Island has produc'd a Ben. Johnson and a Buchanan." The name of *Shakespeare* is conspicuously absent from the great names enumerated!

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Those of our readers who have read Mr. C. Y. C. Dawbarn's illuminating book, *Uncrowned: a story of Queen Elizabeth and Francis Bacon*, will relish the admirable little pamphlet, *The Cypher, a review, some excerpts and a Note*, recently issued in answer to an inane if not insane criticism of Mr. Alfred Mudie's book (noticed in our last issue) by Mr. Macleod Yearsley, under "Book Chat," in *The Literary Guide and Rationalist Review*. Mr. Dawbarn has kindly presented sufficient copies of his pamphlet to enable it to be included as a supplement to the present number of BACONIANA.

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By a method peculiarly his own, Mr. Dawbarn makes hash of Mr. Yearsley's so-called criticism of the Cyphers, not by setting out to demonstrate the scientific technique of cyphers in general or of the Bacon Biliteral Cypher in particular, as decoded by Mrs. E. W. Gallup from the works of "Shakespeare," but simply by setting forth selected passages of the Cypher itself, as it stands. These passages are masterpieces of literature and they speak for themselves. Apart from the sensational disclosures in contradiction to so-called history which are made, there is a superlative magnificence of diction which equals anything in the highest flights of Bacon's matchless prose or "Shakespeare's" mighty eloquence rolled into one. The curt dismissal of the Cypher as "silliness" by Mr. Yearsley, therefore, is the quintessence of silliness and shews at once that he has never read it and knows nothing about it. If Mrs. Gallup "invented" these passages, then she is *ipso facto* a superior genius to either Bacon or "Shakespeare." That proposition proves too much and therefore nothing at all.

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Readers will be pleased to learn that Mrs. Natalie Rice Clark, the accomplished authoress of "Bacon's Dial in Shakespeare," has a new book on the stocks which treats of the tragedy of Hamlet. It is expected that it will be published this year, and we await its appearance with eager anticipation.

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Some of the books advertised on the cover of BACONIANA have passed out of print, and our readers will note that these have been deleted from, and others added to, the list.

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Next to the fine edition of "The Northumberland Manuscript," which contained an incomplete MS. copy of "Leycester's Commonwealth," is offered some remaining copies of "Queen Elizabeth,

Amy Robsart and the Earl of Leicester," being a reprint of the scarce historical work, "Leycester's Commonwealth," published in 1641, anonymously. This work was first printed in 1584 on the Continent as written by a "Master of Arte of Cambrige." Every effort was made to suppress it and to prevent its circulation in this country, and manuscript copies were made and insidiously distributed. It was reprinted in 1641, but even at that late date the Privy Council intervened so that it was seized and confiscated. On one of the editions the authorship was ascribed to Robert Parsons, the celebrated Jesuit. As the publishers of the present volume (1904) say,—This work will always be of interest for the curious sidelights it gives upon the Court of Queen Elizabeth, and for the fact that in it appeared for the first time the grave charge against Leicester of the murder of Amy Robsart, which was said to have been carried out by his direction, so that he might be free to pursue his suit with Queen Elizabeth.

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At the last annual meeting of the Bacon Society, the retiring Vice-Presidents, Officers, and Council were re-elected, with the following variations:—Mr. B. G. Theobald, B.A., was elected from the Council to the office of Vice-Chairman of the Council; Miss Florence J. Pell (the retiring Hon. Treasurer) did not seek re-election, owing to lack of time necessary; and, as no other present member was willing to undertake the work, the Hon. Secretary (proposed by Mr. Bridgewater) undertook to occupy the double office of secretary and treasurer for the time being. Mr. Walter Gay was also obliged to retire from the Council, on account of ill-health, and in the vacancies ensuing, Miss Mabel Sennett and Mr. Edward Quinn were unanimously elected to the Council. The office of President was held over for the time being, as a mark of respect to our late President, the Hon. Sir John A. Cockburn.

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Owing to numerous deaths in the ranks of our members during the past 12 months, the late Hon. Treasurer, in submitting the Balance Sheet, was obliged to report a deficit of £26 18s. 10d. But assets in the nature of additional library books, which were not then estimated, represent a value far in excess of that sum, and it is hoped that the deficit will be turned into a surplus before the current year is ended. We nevertheless need all the support that our members can give to enable the Society to pursue its steady work of propaganda. The times are difficult, yet we ask members in arrears with subscriptions to make an effort to send them as early as possible.

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A proposal is on foot, organized by "The Roads of Remembrance Association," to plant a number of trees on the arterial road near to the estate of the late Sir John Cockburn, at Harrietsham, in Kent, as a special memorial to Sir John, in recognition of his active work in so many different directions. Each tree will bear a tablet with the names of the donors or subscribers. The cost of one tree, including the tablet and tree guard, will be two guineas. The Lady of the Manor has promised to subscribe for nine such trees, and I understand the Faculty of Arts is also subscribing. So far, members of the Bacon Society have subscribed for four trees, and the ceremony of planting them on November 1st will be



quite a public affair. Coaches will leave Victoria at 1 p.m., and tickets for the return journey, including tea, are 7s. each. Members or friends who would like to take part should get into communication with the Hon. Secretary of the Bacon Society not later than October 25th next.

Probably the most famous novel written by Ivan Tourguenief was "Fathers and Sons," of which Dr. Eugene Schuyler made an English translation in 1867. This remarkable Russian author was born at Orel in 1818, and at an early age made a mark, not only in literature, but in metaphysics, the classics and history. To him is credited the invention of the word "nihilist" in Russian political life, and that the happiest event in his life was the reading of "Memoirs of a Sportsman," by the Emperor who, touched by his eloquent plea for liberty, incited the decree which gave thirty millions of serfs their freedom.

It is not generally known that amongst the numerous addresses and critical pieces of the lesser type by Tourguenief, there is one entitled "Don Quixote and Hamlet," in which the author points out that the first edition of *Hamlet* and the first part of *Don Quixote* appeared in the same year. "The simultaneous appearance of these two works is significant," says the author, "for their heroes are the two opposite sides of human nature—the poles and the axis on which it turns." We do not agree with all the conclusions the author reaches, in his really profound psychological analysis of the two characters he undertakes to dissect; but, considering the time at which it was written, long before the higher criticism of Baconians had elucidated so much, it may still rank as a remarkable production. The author does not set out to draw a parallel between Shakespeare and Cervantes so much as to point out some features of difference and of resemblance between them. Of the probable identity of one with the other he has no suspicion. To what profounder depths he might have reached had he been made aware of the great mystery of the two immortal writers who were born and who died on the same day!

The magnificent Baconian library at Carlton House Terrace, belonging to Sir Edwin Durning-Lawrence, Bart., has been bequeathed by his late widow, Lady Edith Durning-Lawrence, to the London University. In it is included valuable first editions of *Robinson Crusoe*, *Alice in Wonderland* (with Sir John Tenniel's original drawings inserted), Coverdale's *Bible* (Zurich, 1535), the first Bible to be printed in English.

Mr. J. M. Robertson's latest book, "The Genuine in Shakespeare," is a further amusing example of how Shakespearean commentators roll off stupid conclusions. The author discovers by internal evidences of style that of all Shakespeare's alleged plays only two were by him at all, that the remainder were frauds perpetrated by booksellers, and that of the 16 or 17 plays that came out in his lifetime *it is not known* (italics ours) that one had his sanction! These are respectively attributed to Fletcher, Kyd, Marlowe, and others. If Mr. Robertson continues to pursue his analysis of Shakespearean authorship by reference to identity of style alone, he will doubtless get to the Bacon hypothesis in due course, viz.,



that in all the authors cited there will be found the most conclusive evidence that Proteus Bacon was the creator, not only of "Shakespeare," but of the assumed styles of all these other alleged authors. Well may E. E. Kellett, in the *News Chronicle*, slyly observe—"One is inclined to ask, when he declares that *Julius Caesar* is by Marlowe, 'How do you know that the so-called works of Marlowe are Marlowe's?' "

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Mr. Robertson supposes that *Henry VIII.*, as Tennyson was the first to suppose, was in great part written by Fletcher, and that the rest of it cannot be shown to have been written by Shakespeare. Well, it is pretty obvious, as I have pointed out before, that it was written by Bacon. Here is one of many tell-tale anachronisms in the play pointed out by J. P. Baxter many years ago, that spells Bacon very positively. The scene in the play in which the fall of Chancellor Wolsey, in 1529, is depicted is quite contrary to history, as four persons are represented as being sent to Wolsey to demand from him the Great Seal, when there were but two. Now, these four persons were the Dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk, the Lord Chamberlain and the Earl of Surrey, the identical personages who were sent to Bacon to demand the Seal from him at *his* fall in 1621! That the Stratford actor, Shakspeare, could *not* have been the author of *Henry VIII.* is also obvious, as the event described in it occurred some five years after his death. Dead men tell no tales.

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The article by Mr. G. L. Calvert on another page, referring to Cyphers, contains some common sense as well as candid criticism of the manner in which many Baconians accept the authenticity of cyphers as gospel without satisfactory investigation. He does not impugn the well-considered belief that cypher-writing was an established practice in the seventeenth century. So far, so good. Is he also prepared to cast doubt on the genuineness of the cypher transcriptions of the famous Rosetta Stone at the British Museum, which all authorities who have studied its peculiar features admit to be genuine? The study of cyphers is an involved and intricate business, requiring inexhaustible patience and sound judgment. And, as Bacon himself says, in discussing cyphers, "We hope that our labours . . . may arrest the judgment of every one who is best versed in every particular Art; and be undervalued by the rest."

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It may be, however, that too much credence has been attached to the co-incidences of numbers, or numerical cyphers. Yet, in a well-ordered sequence of numbers may be concealed the most important communications; and many of the governmental secret code dispatches are to this day expressed in figures, but requiring a code key. The art of discovering such cyphers without any key at all is confined to a very few, and those who pretend to do so, without the requisite skill, certainly invite scepticism or invoke contempt for their pains. We can never be sure that any word or series of words having a given numerical total can be properly interpreted into any other word or series of words because there is, or happens to be, an equality in those totals. And conjecture alone carries no conviction.

The "Report on the poet Shakespeare's identity submitted to the Trustees of the British Museum," by Mr. J. Denham Parsons, does indeed examine, with thoroughness, the extraordinary numerical coincidences which run through the First Folio of Shakespeare and point to Bacon as the concealed author. It is impossible to ignore these striking instances. But they are submitted tentatively, without undue stress, and purely for what they are worth as possible "sub-surface signalling." It is really remarkable how these numerical sums are confirmed by their digit values—a much more effective test than any agreement with a different cypher, because less arbitrary. The author omitted to note that the sum of the digits of all the *figures* on the last page of the Folio is precisely 33 (=Bacon in simple count), which Mr. Denning pointed out to me some time ago. It may also be noted that the digit sum of "Shakespeare" is 58 (=Tidder in simple count). These calculations may seem trivial, but they are very significant, in the light of other supporting evidence.

Some months ago the world was startled by the announcement that an enterprising bookseller, Mr. Frank Marcham, had discovered in the Record Office a legal document, dated 1637, which clearly established an important link with "Shakespeare," being signed by Susannah Hall (daughter of the Stratford notable), thereby furnishing the most unquestionable evidence that she was able to write her own name! It was said that the signature to the document in question was perfectly legible, although written in "a square schoolgirl hand." It is difficult to see from this what important, or any other, link can be established with the author of the Great Plays (for that is clearly what is suggested by the reference), but rather does it convey that Susan, although late in life had learned to write her name "in a square schoolgirl hand," had not yet learned how to spell her father's and her own maiden name, this being written as "Shackspeare." Perhaps this is why we have heard nothing more of the "find." Orthographically, it has been found wanting.

More discoveries have been made in the same connection by Mr. E. A. B. Barnard, F.R.Hist.S., and set forth in his recent book, "New Links with Shakespeare." The documents which the author has unearthed were found in the year 1925 in a large chest which had for many years been lying in an upper room at Hanley Court, Worcestershire, and are at present lodged on loan, at the Birmingham Reference Library. One of the documents purports to be an indenture, date May, 1617, for the conveyance of property in Brockhampton, Glos., to Henry Condell, of London, in consideration of the sum of £800, "of good and lawful money of England well and truly paid." A second document, dated two years later, conveys this property again to Edward Sheldon, of Bodley, and Samuel Burton, Archdeacon of Gloucester, and this is signed by Condell. The author asks—what was Condell doing in that part of the world? And the assumption suggested is that he had gone there to deal with arrangements for the erection of his friend Shakespeare's monument at Stratford!

H. S.